

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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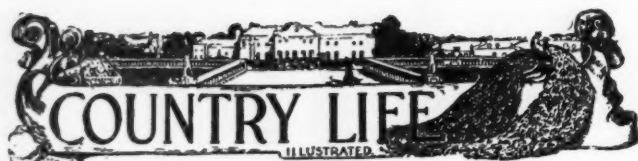
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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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A WATER ZOO . . FOR LONDON.

WHEN the Royal Zoological Society was founded, one of its principal objects was the introduction of useful animals from foreign climates. The immense popularity of the society's menagerie has rather obscured this original idea. But though the "Zoo" has directly and by suggestion encouraged many experiments of the kind, it is a remarkable fact that the only new creature that has been acclimatised in this country with practical and complete success is a fish, fish being a side of natural history with which the Zoological Society's collection is very little concerned. The fish, as everyone now knows, is the rainbow trout. Its latest success,

announced last week, is that it is considered worthy to be introduced on a great scale into many of the lochs of the West of Scotland.

There can be little doubt that the delight and interest with which the public of this country now see and appreciate the various land animals in the Zoological Gardens of Regent's Park, Clifton, and Dublin, would be extended equally to the animals which live in the water. Yet, up to the present time, practically almost all of the very extensive popular knowledge of natural history is confined to the birds and beasts, which the public can not only read about in books, but see for themselves. It is a mistake and a needless limitation of ideas to be ignorant of the appearance and habits of the dwellers in the great waters, to know practically only half the produce of the fifth day of the Creation. We have in the houses of the Zoo samples of 100 climates and territorial portions of the globe exhibited to us by paying one shilling. Of the infinite fauna of the seas, some of which might be presented to our curiosity, we can see practically nothing except the food fishes round our own islands. It is as if we limited our knowledge of birds to the contents of the poulterer's shop.

If a "water zoo" were created in this country, it would almost necessarily have to be in London, for it is not an enterprise to be carried out by any private society. It would be expensive to maintain, and the main cost would be of a kind which could not be reduced to meet temporary needs. The seawater, the warming of the tanks, and the expense on daily care and maintenance, would be very considerable. Its proper place would be as a supplement to the public portion of the British Museum of Natural History. There should be nothing small or "finicking" about its exhibits. The idea that aquariums are only expansions of the familiar glass bowl with gold-fish in it, or of the tank in which newts and water-tortoises are kept by young enthusiasts, may be correct logically, and is responsible for the indifference with which schemes for making something better have been regarded.

When large aquariums on modern principles were started in England, the public soon lost interest in them because the exhibits were merely pretty. They wanted something more actual. The managers of a water zoo should follow the sensible business lines of the early managers of the land zoo. They spared no trouble or expense to secure and bring to this country the most striking of the terrestrial animals, creatures wonderful in themselves for size, for beauty, or for ugliness. They did their very best to secure and exhibit a whale; and they succeeded in bringing here and showing to the public nearly every one of the giant land beasts. If the managers of a water zoo asked themselves what are the most striking points about the beasts of the sea, and the features most likely to impress the visitors to such a collection, the answer would be, first, their immense size, and next their extraordinary activity. The sea carnivorous beasts as well as fish should be shown. They are as much larger in proportion to the carnivora of the land as the less destructive of the marine giants are to the herbivorous animals. A tank of sharks, which could tear a tiger in pieces and bolt his joints for a meal, would be at least as exciting to watch at feeding-time as the tigers themselves. As against the ponderous bulk of the rhinoceroses, elephants, and hippos, the water zoo would show in tanks made for exhibition of their submarine powers the gigantic walrus and the sea-bears. It would be possible to obtain and exhibit some of the smaller species of whale, the grampus, and the sword-fish. The great rays, the dolphin, the tunny fish, the great marine bivalves, such as the clams from the Barrier Reef of Australia, or the exquisite nautilus, might find a place in such a collection. In fact, there would be no end to it.

This is not the place to do more than suggest the form which such a collection might take. An example of the way in which living sea creatures of smaller size can be successfully exhibited may be seen in the fine marine departments of the Zoological Gardens of Amsterdam. The Amstel is not a salt-water river, but the difficulty of keeping sea-fish in the aquarium has been met successfully. In one of the galleries the visitor might imagine himself walking on the sea bottom, with the sunlight shining down through the water on either side. Shoals of herrings, cod, and whiting swim on either side of him, and all the flat fish of the North Sea lie on the sandy bottom or swim with all forms of graceful movement in the clear water. In other houses shoals of tropical fish are seen, strangely-shaped crabs and crustacea. Sea-fish do not necessarily need marine food. They flourish on a land diet, supplemented by the insect life of fresh-water ponds. The latter is also welcome food for the tropical fresh-water fishes. The experiments made at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth have explained much that was unknown or uncertain about the life-history of marine animals. The information gathered there and at Naples in the scientific study of the creatures of the sea would be sufficient guide to those whose main object would be confined to maintaining them in good health, and providing them so far as possible with natural surroundings.



PARLIAMENT meets before Christmas this year for a purpose which is only too plain, to wit, that of raising the wind. More money, and a very large sum, must be provided to meet the cost of the South African War, which is but slowly drawing to its end, and it becomes those who have supported the policy of the Government to meet the bill with a face as little wry as may be attainable. It is, unhappily, an abiding rule of human affairs that one cannot have one's cake and eat it. The question is how the money is to be found. In the first place, we fear that additional burdens will be placed upon the taxable subjects of the Queen at home; in the next, we devoutly hope that there will be no paltering with the question whether the owners of South African gold mines should pay a handsome contribution towards the cost of the South African War. It was not, of course, waged in their interests or simply for their sake; but its results will undoubtedly be very beneficial to them. Beyond that, in our judgment, there is no reason for placing any very large additional burden on the shoulders of the taxpayer for the moment. The annexed States are a valuable and undeveloped asset, and, if we err not, there are gold deposits other than those of the Rand, which might very well be worked.

Thousands of men, in and out of the Army, have been greatly excited by the statement made in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, that Lord Kitchener is to be recalled from South Africa for Parliamentary work in connection with the reform of the War Office. Upon the question of the desirability of the step we express no opinion, for the simple reason that opinions on the subject are most bitterly divided. No man was ever more hated, by those who do hate him, than Lord Kitchener is; no man was ever more thoroughly believed in by his supporters. Who shall hold the balance between them? But, on the question whether the statement be well-grounded or no, it may be worth while to mention that the *Army and Navy Gazette* is in a position of distinct advantage for securing special information. Major Griffiths, who holds a very responsible position on Sir William Russell's Service paper, is constantly seen in public in the company of Lord Wolseley, and the present Commander-in-Chief ought certainly to have some idea of what is going to happen.

The appointment of Lord Raglan would seem to be a flat contradiction to the announcement made by the *Army and Navy Gazette*, but we can hardly believe that our staid contemporary spoke without some warrant, and there are such things as "warming-pans." At the same time it is right to point out that Lord Raglan has other claims to high military office than those of heredity. True it is that he is the grandson of the great Field-Marshal; but it is also true that for years past he has been a zealous supporter of the constitutional force, the Militia, and that he is full of ideas about it.

The news from different quarters of the field of war in South Africa continues, as it began, to be contradictory, but on the whole there still seems to be reason for surprise at the excellent mounts that the Boer still possesses, and the mobility that still defeats us. The accounts of soldiers returning convince us, more and more, that the cavalry soldier, and, perhaps, the cavalry system, has something to learn in the management of horse-flesh. It is a lesson the force of which seems to be appreciated by the authorities, for we see there is now a suggestion that experience should be acted on, on the lines of making the men dismount, to rest their horses, whenever there occurs an opportunity of so doing. The squadron at ease will dismount, the orderly will dismount to receive his orders, and so on. In fact, all the measures for resting the horse will be adopted that would be adopted by a humane "one horse" hunter, to spare his mount, and make its efficiency as great as possible for the purpose in hand. Common-sense, in a word, will take the place occupied by red-tape. One piece of news we hear from Mafeking; that mule-flesh is much to be preferred to horse-flesh gastronomically.

There has been something very touching about the welcome accorded to Sir Redvers Buller on his return home. Questions of strategy and of tactics, criticisms based on incomplete information and imperfect knowledge of the difficulties he had to encounter, criticisms which were none the less inevitable at the time, human nature being what it is, have been placed on one side and forgotten; and England, as one man, has greeted and is greeting the man who acted on the time-honoured principle that "it is dogged that does it," who retained the confidence of his troops even in the most trying circumstances. This kind of popularity Sir Redvers Buller has always enjoyed. He has always been known as a general who was not only brave to a fault, but also zealous for the comfort of his troops; and they are but short-sighted who allege that this is a sordid reason for popularity. An Englishman undoubtedly does fight best on a full stomach, and Buller's troops bore privation well when it was forced upon them, because they knew their general had strained every nerve to postpone it as long as possible.

It is plain from the recent correspondence between Sandringham and Belfast, that the spring visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland is fully and officially arranged, and that Their Royal Highnesses will be the guests of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry at their beautiful house, Mount Stewart. It is a house remarkable for the extraordinary beauty of its surroundings, for its spacious comfort, and for unbounded hospitality, and the list of Royal personages who have been entertained there is very long. The last Royal visit was that of the Duke and Duchess of York two or three years ago, and it was marked by great dinner-parties and by a garden-party attended by all that was best in the North of Ireland. The Duke of York, too, was especially interested in the boat-sailing tastes of Lady Londonderry, who steers her own perfect centre-board and knows the difficult navigation of Strangford Lough as well as any sailor of those parts. As to the present Royal visit, it is not to be doubted that it will be of as much practical value as the last, and that was simply priceless.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the announcement that the War Department is acquiring control of large areas of land (Wolmer Forest, a part of Sussex, Cannock Chase, the New Forest, G'en Imaal, Dartmoor, Trawsfynydd, the Mourne Mountains, and Kilworth) for purposes of manœuvres, may be true, although there will, no doubt, be a certain amount of picturesque outcry concerning some of the places. But the lovers of scenery and of secluded Nature must be reasonable. Manœuvres lose half their value if they are conducted on ground of which every contour is familiar, not only to officers but also to men, and so much of our fighting has to be done in mountainous country that some experience of home kopjes is certainly desirable. Of such in the Mourne Mountains and at Trawsfynydd, which is in the heart of the Merionethshire grouse moors, there is a practically unlimited supply. The harm done to the fair face of Nature by mere manœuvres is infinitesimal. Ranges are another matter, and we fear that the provision of sufficient field-firing facilities in our crowded island is almost an impossibility.

Surely the recriminations of the war correspondents, with and without titles, are becoming a little tiresome. During the past week we have had Mr. James Barnes confuting and assailing Mr. Harding Davis, we have heard Mr. Winston Churchill on Lord Rosslyn and Mr. Hales, and Mr. Hales and Lord Rosslyn on Mr. Winston Churchill, and the whole spectacle is not an edifying one. From the war correspondents of experience, on the contrary, one hears very little. They knew so well how to look after themselves during the campaign that they were, for the most part, neither sick nor sorry. Mr. Pearce, Mr. Melton Prior, and Mr. Bennet Burleigh came back from the campaign looking as well as ever, and having come back, they know when to speak and when to hold their peace. They regard the public tirades of the younger men with a scornful wonder, and some of them are beginning to think that a necessary consequence of all this washing of dirty linen will be the curtailment of "facilities" for the war correspondent in the future.

A correspondent writes: "It is most earnestly to be hoped that during the next Army Manœuvres something may be done in the way of giving to our soldiers more practical training in camp life than they have hitherto received, for the experience of the war has shown that they are sadly in need of it. While whole battalions are together, camp kitchens are excellent, and it is surprising to see how much food, thoroughly well cooked, may be turned out with very simple apparatus. At the camp of the Victoria and St. George's at Bisley, for example, a portable oven, erected in half-an-hour or so, and taken to pieces in a few minutes, turns out quite an elaborate dinner for a large number of men every day. But on a campaign, where small bodies of men have more or less to shift for themselves, rations must often be served out in the rough and the raw, or even the live, state.

Every soldier ought to know how to produce a 'damper' out of mere flour, how to kill a sheep, and to skin and cock it roughly. It really would not be half a bad plan to serve cut sheep and bullocks occasionally on manœuvres. Necessity is the mother of invention, and Tommy would soon learn how to kill and cook and eat. Moreover, it would be impossible to deceive him with cow or bull beef."

The death of Mr. Thomas Arnold, the second son of the great Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, the brother of Matthew Arnold, and the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward, takes us back into the past generation. The contemporary of Clough, of Thomas Hughes, of Jowett, of Stanley, and of Goldwin Smith, lived a wandering life, which he embalmed in a pleasing book. He was at Winchester and at Rugby—men could migrate from one public school to another in those days—he went from Oxford to the Colonial Office, and from the Colonial Office to New Zealand in search of a free life, and found it not, but became an Inspector of Tasmanian Schools. Then he became a Roman Catholic, closely attached to Newman, and wrote some learned works. Then he returned to the Anglican fold, and wrote more learned works, and then he became a Roman Catholic again, and one of the first Fellows of the Royal University of Dublin. His career was certainly a curious one, but few men of his time were more loved or respected. That was mainly the result of his courteous and considerate manner, and it was at Winchester that he learned that "Manners makyth Man."

So the *Lancet* has discovered, upon study of the personal experience of men who have been engaged in South Africa, that tobacco, against which those who are strangers to its charms inveigh, has really a certain sustaining power. But the *Lancet* cannot claim much originality in the discovery, for did not Salvation Yeo, in "Westward Ho!" describe the blessed weed as the hungry man's friend, and did not he bring back the secret from the South American Indians? And do not we, who smoke, know from experience that if, for any chance reason, we are delayed in obtaining one of our far too numerous meals, tobacco will stay the pangs of hunger? This is not to be interpreted as an encouragement of smoking to excess, although, to be candid, we doubt if to the pipe-smoker that be a possibility.

From the Tottenham Marshes, as out of Africa, there always seems to be coming some new thing, and in both cases, as it would seem, something that is new to the modern world, because of its great antiquity. It is the digging that is going forward in course of making the new works of the East London Water Company that brings these wonders out of the depths of the ooze to the light of day. A few months ago the diggers came on a Viking ship (it is generally understood that the tideway occupied far more of the neighbourhood of London in the time of the Vikings than it does to-day). The latest discovery is of a "dug-out" canoe made of a single trunk, hollowed—of course, immensely older than the Viking ship. A most curious circumstance about this discovery is that the canoe was found lying "on an even keel" so to say, on a gravel bed, as if it had been gently drifted into that position, and had remained so, undisturbed, through all the long ages that have passed since its stranding. The date of construction of these "dug-out" canoes in Britain is put back as far as the Stone Age.

A contemporary has unearthed a curious traditional custom connected with the day on which these lines are being written. At Stamford, in Lincolnshire, apparently November 13th used to be celebrated by "bull running," which consisted in chasing a bull all over the town, sometimes also in throwing him into the river, and then chasing him again, and eventually in killing and eating him. Why November 13th should have been chosen as the date for this cruel pastime history does not record, nor do the chronicles apparently mention whether the bull ever turned on his pursuers; but we have certainly known bulls which would no more have been chased than Artemus Ward's tiger would be "confiscated." An explanation of the practice may possibly be found in the belief that a hunted animal has a better savour than one that has been simply killed; whether there is any truth in the theory we cannot pretend to say.

Some day, perhaps somebody will fathom the mysteries of taste, and of its association not merely with smell, but also with vision. Why is it, for example, that while nine men out of ten cannot tell whether their pipes are alight in the dark unless the glow of the ash is visible, some blind men smoke with apparent pleasure? Why can a man tell a vintage with precision—as some men certainly can—when he sees the liquor that he drinks, while blindfolded he can hardly distinguish port from sherry?

It had been our conviction that children were the most absolutely unswerving maintainers of tradition, the evidence being the immemorial rules of hop-scotch, the immutability as of the laws of the Medes and Persians of the seasons for hoops and

marbles, the persistence of fine old Saxon words like "swink," a Norman words like "beever" in public school vocabularies. But it appears that thieves are almost their equals. Each class of thievery has its seasons, of which the cause is sometimes clear and sometimes purely mysterious. Thus, that summer, when families are away from home, should be the burglary season, is natural enough, but why should mid-November mark the beginning of the fowl-stealing season? Is the cause to be found in the long dark nights or in the tradition of the elders? We confess to be puzzled, but for the fact we have magisterial authority, and for a supporting incident we have a prize fowl stolen from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Lady owners make a very creditable showing in the Irish Turf statistics for the season which has just closed, no fewer than fifteen having secured winning brackets, and some to a pretty good tune, too. For instance, Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson stands fourth on the list with nine wins, which brought in £1,297, Captain Loder being first with £1,985, Lord Fermoy second with £1,649, and Mr. Shirley third with £1,464. Next to Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson in the lady division comes Mrs. M'Auliffe, who won £512 in four races. Two maiden ladies—Miss F. E. Norris and Miss Nicholson—did well with £270 and £261 respectively. The other lady winners were Mrs. Cullen, Hon. Mrs. Dewhurst, Mrs. Downes-Martin, Miss Etchingham, Lady Hesketh, Mrs. Hartigan, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. O'Donnell, Mrs. Pilkington, Mrs. Stacpoole, and Mrs. Joe Widger.

In most of the hunting countries the "going" has been very heavy and the fences very "blind" all through the cubbing season, and now that the chase of the adult fox has supplanted the pursuit of the vulpine youngsters, there is still but little sign of any drying and hardening of the ploughed lands. We have had some useful breezes, however, for taking the leaf off and making the fences more visible. In general, foxes seem very plentiful—rather too plentiful for the farmers' hen-roosts and the Hunts' Compensation Funds.

It always seems a pity, in a year when the acorn is plentiful, that so little use should be made of it. Before cereals were grown so generally, a meal ground from the acorn and the beech mast was a recognised staple of human food. Nowadays the acorns are relegated to the pigs, and even the schoolboy, who will eat almost anything, does not value them highly, although his love of the beech mast is still invincible. "Stonewall" Jackson, when the Confederates were short of food, invited his officers to a breakfast of acorns. Last year a Kentish landlord offered small sums to small boys for picking up the superabundant acorns, which the cattle and sheep devoured, to their own destruction; and the acorns were so plentiful, and the small boys so industrious, that he had to pay some £50 for the collection made. But this was far from being all waste expenditure, for he sold a quantity to a man in his village for £25, the villager disposing of them, no doubt at a profit, for food for the deer in Windsor Park. In addition, the acorn collector was able to give a great feast to his pigs. But is not this product of the oak still worth consideration for the food of man?

Of all native Indian princes, "Patiala," as he was known by very many of the Anglo-Saxon blood, had perhaps most of those sporting instincts which are so highly respected by the Briton. He was "a sportsman and a gentleman" in the best sense of the phrase. As evidence of his devotion to our chief national game, it should be noted that "Jack" Hearne and Brockwell are in his principality now, teaching his people, on his invitation and so far at his expense, to play cricket. As a shooter of big game the late Maharajah had some renown, and many a Briton has had occasion to bless his Oriental hospitality and thoroughly British love of sport. Death has cut him off all too early, and many in this country, as in his own, will feel his loss.

Apples over 2lb. in weight have been grown, it appears, before, for specimens weighing 2lb. 2oz. were on show at the great exhibition at Chicago; but now a grower in British Columbia claims to have beaten this record with apples of 2lb. 4oz. in weight. It is a mercy for us that they did not grow these things of such a size in this country when we were schoolboys. Our sufferings were sufficiently severe as it was.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is the portrait of Mrs. Edgeworth Johnstone, the wife of Captain Edgeworth Johnstone, of the Royal Irish Regiment, whose name is familiar at Aldershot and to all visitors to the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, as that of a past-master of the science, or craft, of gymnastics. Mrs. Edgeworth Johnstone is herself an Irishwoman, the daughter of Mr. Waters, an official of Dublin Castle, and her family hails from the County Kerry.

IRISH CARS.

A CYNICAL Saxon, writing of the Irish jaunting-car, said that wheels being more valuable than limbs in Ireland, the cars of the country were so constructed that the latter were placed to protect the former. The make of the Irish car is decidedly unique, and quite different from that of the vehicles of all other countries, so that to a casual observer, such as the aforesaid C.S., it looks at first sight as if the original intention must have been in accordance with the above sneering insinuation. But once you get used to it, the Irish car is an excellent means of locomotion, and a very safe one to boot. In case of an accident there is no vehicle off which you can get so quickly, with so little danger, and a well-built car is as comfortable and convenient a trap as a person can have—a sociable one, too, for though the occupants are back to back, the top cushion, covering that mysterious and useful receptacle, "the well," forms a pleasant loll to lean on while chatting.

To sit safely and comfortably on a car requires a little experience; but the art once acquired, this vehicle becomes not only a safe but a luxurious mode of conveyance. One great advantage is the ease with which you can shift about, and by so doing regulate the weight on the horse's back.

To see an adventurous Sassenach take his trial trip on an "outsider" is sometimes a comical sight, and the look of agonised fear on his face must be a source of fiendish glee to the down-trodden Celt who views him clinging on with both hands to the sides, like a shipwrecked mariner on a raft in a storm-tossed sea. But a very few trips will set the novice at his ease, and you will see him lolling carelessly on a car as it is whisked round a corner, as only a Dublin jarvey can whisk it.

Polo carts and other new-fangled builds have supplanted the good old "side-car" to a certain extent; but the comfortable "family car" is still to be found all over Ireland, and as a



W. A. Rouch.

A SMART CAR.

Copyright—"C.L."

with the competition they now have to face with electric trams running over every part of the city; but, strange as it may appear, the number of cars has actually increased since 1890, when 1,097 were licensed, as against 1,261 at last census. In addition to these figures we must put 766 cabs, making a total of 2,027 licensed vehicles. The Dublin jarveys are characters in their way, and many of them possess a store of humour which will keep any passenger who appreciates native wit well amused. If a jarvey can "blarney" you out of an extra fare, he will; but with it all he is an honest fellow as a rule, as the police reports show that much valuable property and money is returned to the authorities as having been left on the cars by careless passengers. The Dublin carman loves a good horse, and on some of the best "hazards" may be seen animals that would not look out of place at a meet of a crack pack of foxhounds. Some little blemish, or "incompatibility of temper," has perhaps been the cause of their having come down to taking a place between the shafts of an "outsider"; but the way they can go will astonish people accustomed to the miserable hacks of other towns. With a good

fast horse and a pneumatic-tyred car, what pleasanter or more exhilarating drive could one wish? The horses are so well kept and groomed, the cars and harness so bright and neat, that it is really a treat to get a spin through the crowded streets of the Irish metropolis, even though your Jehu, as is his wont, darts you between a tramcar and a cart with about an inch to spare on either side. But there is no cause for alarm—the Dublin jarvey has a keen eye, and is a wonderful judge of distance.

Some years ago the hackney cars one found in the country parts of Ireland were very rough affairs, and even now in the west they are crude enough; but in other parts—especially hunting districts—they are quite up to date. In the Curragh district some of the best horses and most stylish cars are to be

seen. Mr. Edward Harrigan, of the Prince of Wales's Hotel, Newbridge, is celebrated for his cars, and for nine years he always secured a prize in the Hackney Car Competition at Dublin Horse Show. Last year he was not a competitor, as he objects to pace being made the lines on which the awards are made, and not style and action. He certainly is right in his objection, as it is ridiculous to expect a hackney car to be driven through the streets at a rate of fourteen or fifteen miles an hour. Mr. Harrigan very properly contends that no horse should be eligible unless he had been driven on the "hazard" for three



W. A. Rouch.

DOWN THE HILL FROM EYREFIELD LODGE.

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marketing trap, when fitted with a deep extra "well," it would be hard to find a more useful or convenient vehicle.

Dublin has been described by Lady Mary W. Montague as "the most car-drivingest city" in the world, and though poor Larry Doolin has been pretty well cut out by the splendid service of electric trams, yet he still holds on tenaciously, and is seen at his best during Horse Show Week, which is his harvest.

Some years ago "Punchestown" was a wonderful time for him, but the rail has supplanted the road now. It is really astonishing how the hackney cars of Dublin manage to hold on,

months previous to entry. He (Mr. Harrigan) is given to driving A SMART CAR, with Mr. "Tommy" Lushington and Mr. S. Loder as passengers. The whitewashed stones seen in this photograph are very common in the Curragh district, being most useful in marking out the roads on dark nights, as there are no fences to guide the belated traveller.

Another picture is DRIVING ACROSS THE CURRAGH, giving an idea of this grand plain, which is six miles long by two miles broad, and contains nearly 5,000 acres. It is a gently undulating plain, covered with a fine velvety, elastic sward, which makes it an ideal training and racing ground. From the most remote period of history the "short grass" of the Curragh has been used as a race-course, and its importance in old times may be inferred from the numerous *raths*, or forts (one of which can be seen in the background), and other ancient earthworks scattered over its surface.

DOWN THE HILL FROM EYREFIELD LODGE shows a typical Irish car of good style, and the roadside fences give a sample of what those who hunt with the "Killing Kildares" may expect. Outside of Dublin no such cars are to be found as in the neighbourhood of the Curragh. The carmen, too, are a very good class of men, and in the "Land League" times, when most of the hunts were stopped, the determined action of the Kildare car-drivers effectually prevented the Kildare Hunt being put under the ban. An article on Irish cars would be quite



Rough DRIVING ACROSS THE CURRAGH TO BROWNSTONE HOUSE.

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incomplete without special mention being made of Bianconi's Cars, which were in full swing in Ireland about half a century ago. Charles Bianconi was an astute Italian pedlar, plying his avocation in South Tipperary, who was clever enough to observe the lack of travelling facilities at moderate charges in the South of Ireland—posting costing from 9d. to 1s. 6d. per mile—and conceived the idea of establishing outside cars constructed to carry from four to a dozen passengers, to ply between various towns in the South and West. He had to borrow a few pounds to make up the £15 paid for his first horse and car, and ultimately he had no less than 1,500 horses on the road. As railways were built, Bianconi's "long cars," as they were known, fell into disuse, till in 1855 none of the 1,500 horses remained to bear testimony to the enterprise and success of Charles Bianconi. The fine estate of Longfield, about three miles from the town of Thurles, was bought by Bianconi, and a curious story is told of his once going up to the house to sell his wares when a pedlar, and being rudely ordered off by its then owner, who told him never to return there again. But he *did* return, only a very few years later, and hung up his "pack" in the dining-room when taking possession of the house as its owner.

Like the shamrock, the Irish car does not seem to thrive away from the "ould sod." I have known of patriotic Irishmen having special cars built to take out with them to America, Australia, and even to Bermuda! But they never seemed to be a success, and their owners very soon gave up using them. I believe that some twenty or thirty years ago a vehicle very similar to the Irish car was in pretty general use in Malta, but it is not to be seen nowadays.

HEATH.



THE SQUIRE.



A CHECK.

THE SQUIRE'S HARRIERS.

SQUIRE TOMLINSON'S ought to be a good scenting country, for Bainbridge, at the head of the valley of the Ure, is near Hawes, which boasts, I believe, the heaviest rainfall in England. The exact number of wet days I forget, but they tot up to more than half the 365. It is a good many years since I was in the country, and then trout fishing, and not hunting, was the object of my visit. But I shall never forget the beauty of the scenery or the charm of the river. In those days the railway did not go beyond Leyburn, and the rest of the journey was made on wheels. A good deal of the country is not to be ridden, though the grass fields and the stone walls are of the same character as in that part of the country—the other side of Bolton Castle—which is, or used to be, hunted by the Bedale. But it is just the country for a pack of harriers

to be hunted, or rather, we may say, hunting themselves, the followers partly mounted and partly on foot. The first of the pictures shows THE SQUIRE himself listening to the opening notes, for the pack does not want for music. In the second we see the hounds being cast on foot at A CHECK. It is evident that the walls, not to speak of the sides of those steep hills, would stop the horses. The hounds in the field (look at those obviously waving sterns) have a line; in another moment they will speak, and, as all are truth-tellers, the rest will "score to cry"—doubtless they still use the old terms. In the next picture the hare has GONE TO GROUND IN A DRAIN, and there the hounds have marked her. Note the way in which they look at their huntsman, as if to say, "We have done all we can, it is for you to get her out," and out she has to come, as the last picture, showing THE KILL, will tell us. Strong useful hounds, staunch on the line, and of good constitution they are, and need to be. They have that intelligent look which hounds seem to acquire who have to depend upon themselves and cannot look to a huntsman in all their difficulties. There are no refinements or niceties of sport here. Everything—the dress of the riders, the stout cobs, the useful walking-sticks—tells of genuine sport without the glow and glitter of the chase. But in that wild country, and in that splendid scenery with the life-giving air, who would ask for more than to be alive and a hunting, while the rich tones of the good hounds gain an added melody from the echoing hills? Such packs as these are recorded in no hound lists, written of by no correspondents, but bring health and happiness to many a hard working man.

There was, I was told in the days I was there, a pack of hounds that hunted hare, fox, and otter in Wensleydale all



GONE TO GROUND IN A DRAIN.

nave been known to bid each other good-night one evening after being engaged in earnest discussion all the afternoon, and come back and resume the debate round the same boat the next morning until far into the day, finally deciding not to go. The amount of tobacco that is consumed, both in quids and pipes, during these councils, is tremendous.

But when summer and the mackerel arrive, the fisherman is of another nature altogether, for the schools of fish come suddenly and often unexpectedly, and he must be on the *qui vive* to catch them then. He must be watchful, too, when the seine is set, that it does not drift too near the rock-bound shore, or torn nets,

loss of fish, and much time lost in repairing will be the result. The mackerel is no respecter of the Sabbath. Often on a hot Sunday evening, when there is hardly a breath of air to stir the yew tree that looks in at the church window, and the clergyman is doing his best to drive home truths into a drowsy and half-uncomprehending congregation, far up the cliff may be heard the hoarse shout, "Mar-r-ckl playin'!" There is a rustling and whispering among the worshippers, and, as the cry gets louder, taken up by more husky throats, the preacher has to pause in his discourse as clatter, clatter down the stone aisles and gallery steps of the house of God go nearly half the congregation in their iron-shod boots. The preacher is a simple-minded Christian, beloved by his flock, kind to their failings, and generally listened to with respect and attention, but—mackerel is playing.

Devon is fertile to the very water's edge. From out at sea the vivid green pastures contrast beautifully with the red-brown sandstone cliffs which support them down almost to the shore. The sea-swept marsh lands, too, seem to suffer but little from their briny submersions, and give a better living to the cattle than the

choice pastures of many another county. Particularly is this the case around the mouths of the many rivers which Devonshire is happy in possessing. These are a source of much beauty. To instance three from memory, the Teign, Dart, and Otter, from the very mouth upwards, are shaded by steep banks, and overhung by all our handsomest native trees.

Hidden behind these trees, but still not far away from the water, are some of the world-famed Devonshire cider orchards. Although, as in other counties, these have suffered somewhat during the late period of agricultural depression through neglect, the promised return to favour of cider as a beverage has caused much more attention to be given to the selection and cultivation of the best sorts of fruit for the purpose, and the "ran-dan," "middle-dan," and "pinkey," as the three grades of the drink are locally known, promise to be of even higher quality than heretofore.

HABITS OF GAME.—XI.

SINCE writing last week on the grouse disease, I have had the chance of seeing what Mr. Percy Grimshaw has to say about "Frosted Heather," which is a state of the grouse's food I thought insufficient to account for the spread of the disease, or even its increased fatality when already spread. In the "Annals of Scottish Natural History" Mr. Grimshaw has a very interesting article, in which he attributes what gamekeepers call "frosted heather" to the ravages at the roots of the plants by a little beetle (*Lochmoxa saturalis*), which at times multiplies so enormously as to affect great stretches of heather with an unhealthy appearance, and then as suddenly as it comes it almost disappears from the plant roots.



THE KILL.

the year round, and, doubtless, in these Yorkshire dales there have always been and will always be sportsmen who will have a "cry o' summat to ride (or run) after," be times good or bad.

BY THE SOUTH . . . DEVON COAST.

A PART from its natural rugged beauty, the south coast of Devon possesses many peculiarities and points of interest not to be found in any other part of our island home. One of these, and not the most agreeable to the tender-footed pedestrian, is the nature of its pebbly beaches. As a rule very little sand is found on this coast, the foreshore consisting of large, round, flat stones, worn smooth by the action of the sea for hundreds of years, and trying alike to boots and boat bottoms.

The Devonshire fishermen are men of curious temperament, volatile with the mackerel, and phlegmatic when the herrings come. To go for a day's herring fishing is a matter which requires careful consideration with them. A party of about half-a-dozen gather round a boat and look into it, with their hands in their pockets, holding a sort of informal "pow-wow." Sometimes it takes only an hour or two to decide whether the trip is worth making, at others, the best part of a day. They

Such periodical swarms of life are not peculiar to insects, although the most notorious is, of course, the periodical visitation of one of the plagues of Egypt—the locusts. But we have the same thing happening occasionally with higher animal life; for instance, only a few years ago there was the vole plague, which frightened the Scotch Lowland farmers almost out of their wits, caused a Royal Commission or something of that sort to be appointed, which did no good, and then, just as the farmers were giving up all hope, the voles died off in hundreds of thousands. This affords a parallel to the appearance of “the heather-feeding beetle,” but not so good an one as the locusts, because the latter remain for several years in an immature state in the ground, and, moreover, have wings. It is easy, therefore, to understand their periodical appearance, but the multiplication of voles to the enormous extent indicated still remains more or less of a mystery. But then it is sought to draw a parallel between the appearance and disappearance of the heather-eating beetle and the grouse, which latter are supposed to die off from disease when they have increased beyond that point which some people believe a very high stock—about one grouse to the acre on good heather—but this appears to be a monstrous stretch of the imagination. This little beetle, which Mr. Grimshaw gives to be five millimetres in length—that is, about one-fifth of an inch—may have something to do with the periodical visitations of grouse disease, but, if so, the way it works has not yet been discovered. I cannot agree with Sir Herbert Maxwell that the discovery of the cause of what is called “frosted heather” disproves that this condition of the grouse food has anything to do with disease. It is much easier to agree with him that the atmospheric conditions have nothing to do with the matter if the unhealthy heather does affect the grouse.

In reference to the possibility of tape-worm harbouring the microbe of grouse disease and introducing it into the blood, it would be necessary to discover how the tape-worm gets into the grouse before any progress could be made in an investigation of that sort. In one of its stages of life—the badderworm—it exists in the sheep, the rabbit, and the mouse (probably voles also), and of course it is very frequently found in the dog in its mature state, all of these being inhabitants of the grouse moors, except the mouse. That sheep and grouse are held to be antagonistic by many old keepers is certain, and perhaps Lord Granby's late action in banishing sheep off his Derbyshire moors may be the outcome of this confirmed belief, without its being in any way connected with the grouse disease. Indeed, I never heard it suggested that sheep were connected in any way with the disease; all the same, if tape-worm is suspected—and it has been suspected for years as the cause of the disease, although not in the way I suggest—then it would be worth while to discover what reason there is for the supposed connection between tape-worm and disease, and also whether sheep on the moors can be the cause of the presence of tape-worm in the grouse. Sir Herbert Maxwell speaks of the numerous isolated tracts of heather in Galloway upon which grouse nest every year, and says that they bring up as many birds as the heather will carry, and no more; and he thinks that it is in consequence of this limitation on reproductiveness that no grouse disease has ever appeared on these isolated patches. But I think it might equally be accounted for on the possibility suggested by me previously for the absence of disease in the Lews—because there are no disease bacteria there, just as there are no black game in Ireland and no red grouse in Norway.

There is another excellent reason for disbelieving the overcrowding theory, or that the disease is conveyed by the breath. It is that the fatality often makes its very worst appearances when the grouse are sitting on their eggs. No sanitary inspector, and no chief physician of our most up-to-date hospitals, has ever invented a system of isolation which comes near to that naturally adopted by grouse in the nesting season. The hens are engaged in the nursery day and night, probably hundreds of yards from the next hen, and only see their dutiful husbands occasionally for a few minutes each day. These constant fellows do not on such occasions consort with others, but keep watch and guard at a respectful distance from the scene of most importance, and would never be likely to come near another grouse except in the unlikely event of their “sphere of influence” being invaded.

The discovery that malaria is only introduced into the human being by the bite of the female mosquito of one particular species lends plausibility to the tape-worm theory, and that is all that can be said for any other theory whatever.

But although our knowledge of the subject is mostly of the negative order, that has greatly reduced the field for research, and for this reason it will be very much easier for the next experimentalist to find out something definite than it has been for anybody before him. We have to take up the subject from the place it was left by Klein and Cobbold. First we have to get tame grouse, and in the last few years that has been proved to be almost as easy as getting tame pheasants, by rearing the birds by hand. For instance, Lord Henry Bentinck has, or had, I believe, a large number of mature birds which have been reared from the egg, and none of which have ever seen their natural food—the heather. The obtaining of grouse which will stand confinement without pining away is the first step necessary of course; but it is not clear that wild-caught grouse would not remain healthy long enough for the purpose of discovering the effects, on them, of inoculation by Klein's microbe, and also for finding out whether birds so affected can convey the infection to others by means of their breath alone. If by this means Klein's microbe is proved to be the right one, then it may be taken that his method of attenuating the potency of the bacteria by cultivations is also right, and it would be necessary to repeat on grouse those experiments by which he rendered small birds immune or refractory to the real disorder.

But when all this has been established, the chief difficulty has yet to be faced. What we want to know is not whether we can give disease by inoculation and by the breath, but how, on the open moorlands, with isolation as perfect as it is in the nesting season, the disease is conveyed from one to the other; if no probable means can be found, then we must look for some common cause of infection elsewhere. It may be that the bacteria are cultivated on the heather itself, or in the peas; if so, the problem becomes much more complicated than it has ever been thought to be; but I do not think it would be a hopeless case even then. The direction of experiment would either have to be towards the discovery of a spray which would kill the bacteria, or to fight it by other and different bacteria, or else it would be necessary to catch the grouse, and inoculate them with the attenuated virus. This business of catching grouse we have learnt from the authorised poachers of Yorkshire; and it is vastly more simple than it used to be when the drag net represented the best known method. Now, the practice of netting grouse is very different, merely that of hanging light nets about the height that the grouse fly, and either moving the birds, or allowing them time to move themselves. Of course the nets would not have to be so long as some of those used by the poachers, where a proportion of the birds get killed by the impact; but there would be no need for great length if the nets were light, and hung so as to come away from their supports with the caught birds.

It may be that the disease microbe is always present in the ground or the heather, or in tape-worm, and it may be that it will take years to discover its true life history, and how it gets into the grouse; but if that is so, then it is all the more necessary for some one to experiment with the microbe discovered by Dr. Klein, to attenuate it as he did, and to see if it will render grouse immune from future attack, as it did small birds; if it will do so, we shall then be in sight of the end of grouse disease, whatever the means of its contagion, and if it will not render them refractory to this contagion, then it will be necessary to still further attenuate it, and to go on experimenting in other directions, with a view towards finding a microbe hostile to that of grouse disease in the blood of *Lagopus scoticus*.

The most practical step to the true discovery and prevention of grouse disease has been taken, probably without any such intention, by Lord Henry Bentinck and his keepers, for when they proved that grouse could be reared, live, and thrive far removed from a grouse moor, they really discovered that the necessary experiments might be conducted in any suburban garden. That was the simple difficulty that stopped the experiments of Dr. Klein, for although it was then known that grouse could be hand-reared on the moors, it was not known that this could be done in the absence of heather. ARGUS OLIVE.



LADY AGATHA: Do explain, Mr. Prothero, what is the difference—what does it mean—this dry fly-fishing and the chuck and chance it methods, that you fishing people talk about?

MR. PROTHERO: Chuck and chance it just means throwing the fly at the water and letting it float down on chance of a fish being there ready to take it. It goes under water like a drowned fly. With the dry fly you wait till you see your fish rising, then you stalk him and throw your fly to float down over him like a live fly, fishing for that particular fish.

LADY A.: Oh! that must be much more fun, chucking your fly out and not knowing what sort of fish is going to take it. I like that much better. It must be ever so much more exciting.

LADY EMILY: Now that is just like you, Agatha. She's always the same to everybody. She throws her best fly to every one she meets, you know; that's why she's always so popular. I hate the sort of women that are so nice to everyone!

MR. P.: I see, you like to see your particular fish first, and

stalk him, and then throw your best fly over him and see whether you can catch him.

LADY E.: Of course, that is infinitely more artistic, isn't it?

LADY A.: And that, of course, is the reason Emily never is popular, and never does get on, except with the people she cares to get on with; she never will be decently civil even to any man or woman unless it's just the one being that for the time happens to interest her.

LADY E.: And that's just the reason you never can interest the people you want to particularly, but always those you don't want to. Isn't that it, Mr. Prothero? If you went chucking and chancing away with a clumsy big March Brown on a clear chalk stream you never would have a chance of catching the big fish when you did see them. You would have put them clean off the feed, wouldn't you? That's the way with Agatha, you see; she's always so nice to everybody, that no particular person ever cares whether she's nice to him or her or not. Oh! I think the dry fly is worth any amount of the other kind. Agatha never does keep

her fly dry enough; it's always soaked by the time it comes to the fish she wants to rise.

LADY A.: I don't care; I think it's ever so much more interesting not to know what sort of fish you're going to catch. It's awfully dull taking stock of him altogether beforehand.

LADY E.: Yes; but the worst of your sort of fishing is that you never have a chance of rising a decent fish at all. There's no art about it, is there, Mr. Prothero?

LADY A.: There's some art in landing them when they're hooked, though, isn't there, Mr. Prothero?

LADY E.: Bah! you can fish with such coarse tackle; and, besides, you never get a really decent fish.

LADY A.: Of course we're neither of us nice women at all. If we were, we should never know anything about fishing, but should just be awfully surprised when anyone did take our flies or seem at all interested or attracted by us. That is how nice women feel.

MR. P.: But that is all nonsense, you know, and cant. If man is a social creature, he must, by that very quality, take an interest in the impression he makes on his fellow-creatures. Without that he ceases to be social; an unsocial man is a contradiction in terms.

LADY E.: And still more so an unsocial woman. Oh! of course, Agatha's is the real proper sweet way of going through life, just being nice and sweet to everyone she meets, and never making any difference. Only I must say, you know, it seems to me a little dull; and it is quite true, really, that she never seems to hook a big fish—isn't it, Agatha?

LADY A.: Yes, it's quite true. All the interesting people are attracted by Emily. It's no wonder, you know. She's a much cleverer angler than I am. She has made a study and an art of it.

LADY E.: Yes, but it comes natural. It isn't that I go out of my way to attract people. You understand that, don't you, Mr. Prothero?

MR. P.: Oh! yes; it is the way people are made. Some are by nature made for the chalk streams, and some for the Highland burns; and the one kind is no better than the other, always provided it remains itself and does not try to be the other. It is awful to see a wet-fly fisher flogging a chalk stream into a whirlpool.

LADY A.: And fancy Emily wasting her best subtleties at an afternoon tea-party!

LADY E.: And yet there are, now and then, great exceptions. You see the least probable fish coming to the least likely flies now and then. Isn't it so?

MR. P. (sententiously): The biggest trout in the Test, an eleven-pounder, was caught last year, just underneath the school-house, with a piece of meat.

LADY E.: I should think that was the sort of thing to make you forswear using the dry fly ever again.

MR. P.: It isn't only the catching that amuses, you know. It would be wretched work if that were all of it—like playing golf in order to win pots. It's the throwing that's the fun.

LADY E.: Of course—of course it is. Agatha, don't you see, it's the throwing that's the fun? You miss all that, don't you see? You miss all that with the chuck and chance it, don't you, Mr. Prothero?

MR. P.: So it would seem to me; but there's no good to dogmatise. We are differently made. Some are chalk-stream fishers by nature, as I say, and others less eclectic. Let's be happy that there are all sorts, and let none of us chalk streamers get thanking Providence that we are not even as those chuck and chancists.

LADY E.: No, we won't. I won't thank Providence I'm not like you, Agatha, so sweet and popular. At least, I'll try not. But I am—oh! yes, I'm sure I am—I'm ever so thankful, all the same.

FAMOUS KENNELS.

MESSRS. MASON AND WOOD'S.

IT is almost impossible to imagine an important dog show taking place in any part of the country without the presence of Messrs. Mason and Wood's celebrated curly retrievers. In fact, the successes of the Gomersal (near Leeds) Kennel have been so many, and of such an important nature, that the absence of entries from Messrs. Mason and Wood would seriously affect the prestige of a show, especially as of late years the number of curly-coated retriever breeders and exhibitors has become reduced, in consequence, no doubt, of the preference



C. Reid. CHAMPION GOMERSAL BEAUTY. Copyright

which is given by sportsmen to the flat-coated variety, owing, probably, to the popular belief that the latter are, for the most part, more tender-mouthed dogs. Whether this is so or not—and it is very probable that there is a good foundation for the impression that exists—it is quite impossible to deny to the curly retriever the claim of being one of the handsomest members of the canine race, though the reservation must be made that if one of these dogs is to do full justice to his breed he must be a really fine specimen of it, as a second-rate open-coated curly is by no means an attractive object, though his hardiness and intelligence may be quite the equal of those of the handsomer dogs.

Speaking candidly, very little is known regarding the origin of the curly-coated retriever, the leading writers and authorities upon the breed admitting their inability to express any definite opinion upon the subject, with a unanimity which is surprising. It is, however, pretty generally admitted that there is a foundation of spaniel blood, and that the water-spaniel is the more likely source than any of the other members of the family. When this is admitted, speculation pure and simple has to be relied upon, and difficulties at once arise, owing to the belief that exists in some quarters that the most common



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GOMERSAL SURPRISE.

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of the modern varieties of water-spaniel, namely, the Irish one, will not bear crossing with any other breed. There, however, appears to have been an old English breed of water-dog which is alluded to in "The Sportsman's Repository," published in 1820, as having been produced by crossing the water-spaniel with the Newfoundland dog. This animal is described as follows: "The original and prevailing colour on the Continent is black, with crisp, curly hair, black nose, white face, long black ears, the head and ears covered with black curly hair, the feet and lower parts of the legs white." The weak point in the attempt to associate the water-dog with the Irish spaniel is clearly the difference that existed in the colour of the two animals, for the Irish water-spaniel's coat is of a deep liver hue, with no white, and even if the mixture of Newfoundland blood produced the black shade, it is difficult to account for the white on the head and legs.

This fact no doubt strengthens the theories of those who maintain that the poodle had a great deal to do with the ancestry of the water-dog referred to in "The Sportsman's Repository," especially as the writer of the description quoted above—John Scott—alludes to the colour, black and white, as prevailing on



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MEERSBROOK BEN.

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the Continent, where, as now, the poodle was far more commonly met with than in this country. Still, had it then been generally believed that the poodle was one of the tap-roots of the water-dog, it is most probable that John Scott would have stated the fact, as the poodle was undoubtedly well known in England at the time he wrote; but, on the other hand, he so pointedly refers to the water-spaniel, that it is impossible to ignore the force of his allusions. Possibly, however, it may be that the poodle had a share in the production of the water-spaniel, and that the curly-coated retriever came from that animal through the process of selection, whilst the Irish water-spaniel traces his ancestry to a similar source. The fact, too, that curly-coated retrievers are not uncommonly liver in colour rather strengthens the theory that this variety and the Irish water-spaniel own a foundation in common; though, as in stock breeding of almost every variety there is a tendency on the part of black animals to occasionally produce an "off"-coloured offspring, there can be no certainty on the point.

The above is all that can be said concerning the ancestry of the



C. Reid.

SOAPY SAM.

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curly retriever, and as it simply resolves itself into a question of surmise, the reader must be left to form his own conclusions upon a subject which has baffled the ingenuity of all those who have written upon dogs, and which is likely to remain a puzzle to breeders for all time. There can, however, be no doubt that the curly variety is a far more ancient one than the flat or wavy-coated retriever, the latter being a production of a comparatively recent date. The title retriever, moreover, is rather an embarrassing one for any animal to have to bear, as it is suggestive more of a capacity for retrieving than of appearance or nationality. Consequently, there can be no surprise expressed at the statement that it was the custom of sportsmen of the old school to breed their retrievers upon very haphazard principles, and to rely more upon the dog's capacity for work than upon his beauty or adherence to any specified type. As a result of this, collie blood, and even that of hounds and bulldogs, was introduced into some kennels by owners who were possessed of a desire to experiment; and to this circumstance doubtless the hard mouths of some curlies have been due, though, happily, dog shows, if they have accomplished nothing else, have effected the extinction of the hideous mongrels the presence of which used to disfigure the retriever classes.

The head of the curly retriever is not so massive as that of his flat-coated relative, who favours the Newfoundland shape of skull more than he does, whilst the muzzle is more pointed, though any approach towards weakness of the jaw is a decided blemish, as it must be remembered that a retriever may have to carry a wounded hare some distance in his mouth. The eyes should not be light in colour, the yellow shade being particularly objectionable, whilst the shoulders should slope and the body and loins be very powerful. The chief characteristic of this variety, however, is the coat, which must consist of a series of tight crisp curls all over the body, feet, and tail, the face alone being smooth. Any approach to be straggly in coat or open in curl is

a very decided fault so far as the show bench is concerned, and it may be added that the tail should be carried straight and taper gradually from the root to the tip, whilst it ought not to be too long, for if it is it detracts from the symmetry of the dog's appearance.

Amongst the curly retrievers owned by Messrs. Mason and Wood is GOMERSAL BEAUTY the winner of over 100 first and special prizes, including the championships at Birmingham and Birkenhead, in



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CHAMPION GOMERSAL LADY.

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addition to securing the special prize for the best dog of any breed in the show upon six occasions. Then, too, CHAMPION GOMERSAL LADY in her list of 150 first prizes includes the championship of her breed at the Crystal Palace upon four occasions, and has twelve times received the special prize offered for the best dog in the show. GOMERSAL SURPRISE has won over fifty first and special prizes, amongst which are the Crystal Palace Championship, when ten months old, and the Retriever Cup at Manchester. CHAMPION GOMERSAL TIP TOP is another distinguished member of the kennel, as he has taken over 150 first prizes, including every championship offered last year with the exception of that at Darlington, at which show he did not compete, as one of his owners was judging. PRESTON MONARCH has also been a worthy representative of the kennel, amongst his victories having been three firsts and the championship at Cruft's Show; whilst CHAMPION MILLINGTON PRINCESS has won championships at Manchester, the Crystal Palace, and Earl's Court, besides many first prizes in the best of company. Amongst the wire-haired fox-terriers belonging to this kennel are



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PRESTON MONARCH.

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so that the led horses can pass approaching vehicles on the off or right side. This is because the attendant is always at the near side of the horse with his right hand on the bridle, and as, when horses become excited and lash out with their heels, they almost invariably turn sideways, with their head towards the man leading them, they would be liable to injure themselves or the vehicle passing them if they were on the near side of the road. In big towns, however, the police insist upon all led horses keeping on the near side, and it is obvious that were it the practice to permit them to move along the other side of the road, the traffic would be interfered with.

In alluding to the police and their solicitude for ensuring the comfort and convenience of the driving public, the opportunity which presents itself may be utilised for making an appeal to the authorities who are responsible for conducting the traffic in the London streets, to devote their attention, or some part of it, to the drivers of heavy drays and lorries. These men appear to be the licensed 'favourites of the police, both City and Metropolitan, as no attempts are ever made in London, as on the Continent and most provincial towns, to compel them to keep close to the footpath as they crawl along; but on the contrary, they appear to be encouraged to proceed at such a distance from the pavement that the drivers of vehicles who want to pass them are quite unable to do so without incurring the risks of an accident. It is distinctly discreditable to the police, who, properly enough, show no mercy to the offending cabman or omnibus driver, that they should allow heavy carts, proceeding at a walking pace, to practically monopolise the tramway lines in the way they do, instead of



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CHAMPION MILLINGTON PRINCESS.

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MEERSBROOK BEN, who has only been shown upon three occasions, when he won, but he had subsequently to be withdrawn from exhibition owing to the condition of one of his ears; whilst his son, SOAPY SAM, has won nearly thirty first prizes, and has four times taken the special for the best of his breed in the shows at which he has competed.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

IT is a puzzle to most people why the rule of the road as recognised by British coachmen should differ from that which is followed in most, if not all, civilised countries. Still the fact remains that this is the case, and perhaps the most plausible reason that has been suggested for the practice of driving on the near, or left, side of the road is, that in the bad old days, when all sorts of undesirable travellers were encountered on the high roads, it was a convenience and a safety for honest men to be able to pass them on the side on which a sword or pistol is generally held. The usual exception to horses proceeding on the near side of the road is when animals are being led, as then it is proved to be safer to lead the horses on the wrong side of the road, and to keep as near to the side walk as possible,



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CHAMPION GOMERSAL TIP TOP.

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insisting that all slow-moving vehicles should keep close to the side-walks; and if this licence to the draymen were withdrawn, the congestion of the traffic in many streets would most certainly be diminished. At all events there is no gainsaying the fact that the Metropolitan and City Police in their regulation of the heavy street traffic are far behind the authorities of many other cities, both at home and abroad.

It is notorious, too, that many drivers of all sorts of vehicles are not so much disposed to pay attention to one unwritten rule of the road as they should be, as it is comparatively seldom that one notices any inclination to make things easy for the drivers of four-horse teams. No matter how good and capable a coachman may be, there are often times when some small concession on the part of the driver of another vehicle would relieve him of anxiety, and if the latter is a proper-minded man, let alone a sportsman, that concession will be forthcoming, though, unfortunately, it very often is not. There is also, unhappily, a by no means infrequent disposition on the part of some drivers of the baser sort, and both cyclists and those in charge of motor-cars may often be included in this category, to pass nervous horses at a far greater rate of speed than is either permitted by

law or the dictates of proper feeling, and in order to suppress these people the majesty of the law should be invoked at every opportunity. It is no use appealing to their sense of decency or sportsmanlike feeling, as no possessor of either could act as many drivers of horses and mechanical vehicles do; the only remedy is exposure and the local Bench, and the occupants of the latter are seldom backward in supporting the unwritten rule of the road when a reckless driver comes before them.

Reverting, however, to the British custom of driving on the near side, and the foreign one of keeping to the off, there is one point which tells in our favour, and that is the position occupied by the coachman. In this country his seat is on the side on which all vehicles he meets have to pass, and therefore he is far better able to judge his distance than he would be were he seated, and often with another person beside him to interrupt his view, on the side furthest from the wheels of the advancing carriage. Consequently, so far as safety is considered, it would be as well if the coachmen of those countries which drive on the off side of the road would decide to sit on the near seat of their box, so as to ensure their seeing what is going on, and thereby reduce the chances of a collision.



Bourton-on-the-Water,

It must be patent to everyone that the times have changed for ancient Bourton by the Windrush, that early tributary of the Thames. Picturesque it still deserves to be called, though the cottage, with its radiant patch of garden and the roses climbing to the chimneys, and the apple orchards stretching away beyond, are no longer the dominant features of the place, investing it everywhere with sweet rusticity. The spirit of loyalty to Her Majesty, which has prompted many a Jubilee memorial in far-away places, has been responsible, to the writer's knowledge, for some new things in quaint old scenes, which, indeed, strike a jarring note, and will do so until time has touched them with mosses, and the rain has vested them with the hues that belong to things that are old. The throbbing pulse of the time has set our island in motion, and while some places linger as it were in the silent back-waters, others are borne upon the tide. This we may say of Bourton-on-the-Water, where the modern is mated with the old and the quaint in a manner by no means rare.

The very name of the place suggests its character. Of course there is another—Bourton-on-the-Hill—but this old place has a feature of its own, since the Windrush is in a sense the street of the village. Bourton can thus claim, perhaps, a far-off kinship with Venice, though there is no wide-spread water and no evening mists kindle to splendour the sunset on the great lagoon. In truth, the Windrush is something more of a barrier than a link, but the quaint bridges and fords of Bourton make all men neighbours there. The village lies upon the famous Foss Way, and was a place of note in ancient times. At a very short distance a camp was discovered, having an area of about 60 acres, in which 147 swords were found, with pottery and other

Gloucestershire.

evidences of Roman occupation, including coins of Vespasian, Antoninus, Probus, Constantine, Julian the Apostate, Carausius, and others, besides a gold signet weighing nearly an ounce. We are here close to the border of Worcestershire, and at the neighbouring village of Icomb, where there is also an ancient camp, the boundary ran through the tower, so that the old people used to say you could boil your kettle in one county and drink your tea in the other. The abbey of Evesham had great possessions hereabout, including Bourton-on-the-Water, which passed at the Dissolution to Edmund, Lord Chandos.

Amid such beautiful surroundings, and in a country of much woodland and of many noble trees, it is easy to imagine that Bourton a hundred years ago was a place of ravishing rustic beauty. The ancient residence of the Harringtons was one of its principal buildings, though long ago it fell from its high estate. A writer in *Notes and Queries* more than thirty years since

recorded the tradition that the members of that family kept great state in the village, and were accustomed to go to church on Sundays in a coach and four, though the sacred edifice was almost at their door. He proceeded to describe the charms and interests of the place:

"There are some most charming remains of manorial houses in the neighbourhood full of architectural interest, and the large dovecotes still standing are quite remarkable. One near the old house at Bourton, gabled on each side, having a turret at the

junction of the roofs, with bold projecting wooden gargoyles supported by elaborately wrought metal-work at the terminal of the valleys, forms a most picturesque feature to the landscape. Another equally good remains at the village of Lower Slaughter. Artists might find much to occupy their pencils in this part of



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AN OLD HOUSE.

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BOURTON BRIDGE FROM THE ROAD.

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Gloucestershire." Alas! and alas! much has changed within recent years. True it is that Gloucestershire is picturesque and charming, and that Bourton has much quaintness still, but another correspondent soon explained how its interests had been shorn away. On one hand the ancient manor house, surrounded by a grove of stately trees, had fallen into strange hands, and survived degraded as the Bourton Dispensary, while the picturesque rectory embosomed in shrubberies had been ruined entirely by the son of a Cirencester cheese-monger, who had uprooted the growing things and erected a tasteless three-storied structure.

But the manor house has interests of its own, and a discovery that was made there nearly a century ago recalls vividly the terrors that accompanied the picturesqueness of former times. The hiding holes are many in old mansions throughout the land, but they rarely reveal their secrets so vividly as that at Bourton manor house. It appears that paper-hangers were stripping a wall on the landing-place on the second floor, when they discovered the silent room, remaining just as its last occupant had left it hurriedly long before. There upon the table was a drinking cup, with a rusty spoon in it, and a vessel near by, which strangely enough the writer has described as a "teapot," while the black cassock of a priest was lying still upon the back of the chair. Had the sudden alarm come; were the pursuivants wrangling without; did the watcher fling off his garb to don some rustic disguise? These are questions that appear not to have been answered, but they suggest many things to the imagination, and add a good deal of interest to the picturesque house at Bourton.

The quaint customs of Gloucestershire still survive, but the old local tongue is more and more approximating to the general type, through the influence of the all-pervading Board School. The railway

has brought Bourton-on-the-Water within reach of the towns, and has contributed no little to the modern aspect it has in part assumed; but anciently, though it lay upon the Foss Way, it was a few miles from the great coach roads from Wales and the Midlands to London. The coaches are now run off the road, but in Strugnell's "Old Coaching Houses," the author reproduces something of the speech of his guide, which is worth quoting. "Zee, thurr," said he, pointing with his whip to Frog Mill Inn at Andoversford, which is about eight miles west of Bourton, "zee, thurr, that's the Vrog Mill, where the old Glo'ster coaches used to change horses. Twelve horses stood in our stables, and twice twelve beds waited for the tired travellers. The kitchen rafters have been in my time a sight, for the fat bacon sides curing in the smoke of the tap-room. Before that oak branch in Spoonly Wood lamed me, I could shake a leg at a dance wi' anyone, and empty my jug of yale, but—Way! wo! Captain"—and of course the hint was taken.

Thus with the crack of the coachman's whip did something



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THE VILLAGE FROM THE WINDRUSH.

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THE SQUARE.

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of life go out of the country, to be diverted and developed anew with other character, wherever the railway ran. Pretty old Bourton-on-the-Water retains its old feature of the Windrush flowing through the midst with great trees overhanging. Nothing can take away that; but otherwise such changes as have passed over the quaint village are sufficiently disclosed in our pictures. The church retains some old features, and has been restored; but it is a wonderful edifice, designed in large part in the last century by one William Marshall, and the western tower, to which he gave a rustic base, Ionic pilasters at the angles, a strange balustrade, with urns and a cupola, is a monument to his taste and to the taste of his time.

Bourton-on-the-Water rightly appears in this series of picturesque villages. It would be taking a wrong view of country life if we gave only what is rustic. And this Gloucestershire village, with the singular attraction of the Windrush, has a good deal of charm of its own, wherein the water, the varied features of the houses, and the magnificent trees that border the ways play the largest part.



H. W. Taunt.

LANSDOWN MILL.

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deeply-cut leaves, which are of rather a greyish-green tint, and more or less downy on the under-sides. This character is also common to the young shoots. As a tree for standing singly on a small lawn it is very suitable, while the specimen noted was overtopping a dense bank of evergreens, and in this position was seen to great advantage."

SINGLE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Few autumn flowers are more graceful than the single Chrysanthemums. The flowers last long in a cool house, as the petals do not decay so quickly as those of large blooms. The plants are easily grown, but we find it an advantage to have two sets, an early and late batch, as the last-named are dwarfer than those from early struck cuttings, and are most useful for grouping and other purposes. Being in small pots (5 in. or 6 in.), they are more valuable for stages and fronts of larger groups. Mary Anderson is one of the best, and, being white, it is useful for cutting; it is not so compact in growth as Miss Rose, but these two are beautiful autumn-flowering plants for the cool conservatory. There is plenty of variety in this section: those of a distinct colour are preferable, and with shapely flowers. The true single, not semi-double, should be chosen, but even the last-mentioned flowers when cut last so long that they are well worth growing for this purpose alone.

A FEW SEASONABLE HINTS.

Value of Leaves.—It is important, of course, to keep walks and drives free from weeds, which stop up the drains and spoil the surface of a walk, especially if it is made of gravel. But leaves must not be wasted; they form an excellent ingredient in potting soils, and may be used in many other ways, such as for forming hot-beds. The leaves should be stored for about a year, then turned over, and the result is a most valuable mould, which, strange to say, is often difficult to obtain. It is unwise to remove leaves where these act as a natural protection to the crowns of the plants, and the fronds of Ferns should never be removed. By allowing them to remain one preserves the protective agency against frost, provided by Nature. Wholesale "tidying up" is a mistake. Mixed borders containing valuable bulbs are frequently disturbed and made clean, with the result that tender plants are killed outright and bulbs chopped in pieces by careless gardeners.

Protection.—Many beautiful trees, shrubs, and plants are unable, except in quite the Southern parts of England, to resist severe winters. One must always be prepared for a hard season, and therefore the common bracken should be kept, mats ready at hand for sheltering tender wall climbers, and such tender things as Montbretias mulched with ashes, bracken, or old mushroom-bed manure. A large number of things are planted in gardens which are quite unable to stand a hard winter or even a season of moderate severity. Ceanothuses, the lemon-scented Verbena, the passion-flowers, and Gum Cistus occur to mind as requiring protection. A friend wrote us last winter that one of the most important plants to shelter in midwinter is the beautiful yellow Jasmine, which makes masses of fragrant bloom in the driest time of the year. The wet-proof Willesden canvas and a stout quality of the same series are excellent protective coverings. It is advisable

IN THE GARDEN.

GROUP OF BULRUSHES BY WATER-SIDE.

WE have on more than one occasion referred to the beauty of plants grouped simply by water-side, and the accompanying illustration shows the importance of this phase of gardening. This is merely a colony of Bulrushes, so placed that the natural gracefulness of the plant is shown, and the floating masses of Water-lilies here add to the charm of the picture. Water-side gardening is now extensively practised in many places.

CRATÆGUS ORIENTALIS.

At this season of the year trees and shrubs conspicuous for their fruits give colour to the landscape. A friend sends us a note upon this handsome Thorn. He writes: "I was particularly struck the other day with the great beauty of a specimen of *C. orientalis*, an old but by no means common species, whose spreading branches were profusely laden with large Cherry-like fruits of a pleasing shade of bright yellowish-red. It is a native of the Levant, from whence it was introduced in 1810, and forms a low spreading tree, clothed with



A GROUP OF BULKUSHES.

to have a strong tape or webbing sewn to the top of the sheet and a few strong rings. The wall must be provided with corresponding hooks, so that the sheet may be easily and quickly taken down. Hurdles thatched with straw or reed or heath are useful to put over Christmas Roses, the Violets, or the beautiful Winter Iris (*I. stylosa*). The fragrant flowers of the Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans*) are frequently destroyed unless boughs of Spruce or Scotch Fir are hung over the bush. If the boughs are hung up by their stem ends it is a simple matter to lift them aside so that the flowers may be picked.

ROSES WITH BEAUTIFUL BERRIES.

This year the hedgerows are red with the berries of wild Roses, and in many gardens the Roses are as bright now as in the summer with their wealth of flowers. It would be quite possible to make nice effects in the autumn simply by grouping the Roses that bear showy fruit, but the plants must be grown well, otherwise the fruit is very poor, both in colour and in size. Always thin out old wood at pruning-time, remembering that the young, well-hardened growths should remain almost their entire length. The following Roses bear very handsome fruit:

The Japanese Roses comprise pink and white forms, the flowers being followed by gorgeous hips, like little Tomatoes. It is not generally known, we think, that *Rosa rugosa* and its forms make excellent game cover, but, unfortunately, birds quickly devour the fruit. Those who have not used the Japanese Rose as a hedge plant, to make a dividing line in the garden, or as a bold belt, should do so. We were looking at a large mass of the type recently, and the fruit's were not only crimson, but the leaves of a beautiful deep yellow colour. The *Rugosa* race includes several very beautiful garden Roses. *Blanc double de Courlet* and *Belle Poitevine* are delightful, the former in particular, this bearing pure white fragrant flowers, followed by large scarlet hips.

The Apple-fruited Rose (*Rosa pomifera*) is so called, we presume, from the resemblance, not very marked, however, of the fruits to those of the Apple, but they are more like those of a hairy Gooseberry. The seed-pods are of a beautiful colour, orange-scarlet on the shady side, and of quite a mahogany hue on the sunny part, whilst the foliage is of a charming glaucous or blue-grey shade. This Rose must not be grown for its flowers. These are poor; but it is worth remembering for its fruit, which is produced in bunches of three or four.

Rosa alpina is a very distinct Rose, the orange-scarlet pods reminding one of the Capsicum. In the autumn a colony of this Rose upon the rock garden is very pleasing, as the leaves change to a purplish colour.

R. calcarpa.—This Rose is allied to *R. rugosa*. It makes quite a large bush, covered with clusters of coral-red fruit. Although the fruits possess no individual attraction, they are very showy in the aggregate, as we may well imagine, when sometimes no less than thirty can be counted in one bunch. The flower is deep magenta, with almost white anthers.

R. rubrifolia.—This Rose is also known as *R. ferruginea*. The writer has planted this species for the sake of its beautiful warm, crimson-tinted foliage, quite in harmony with the profusion of coral-coloured hips. The foliage is useful for cutting, and it is not generally known, we think, that market growers cultivate it for this purpose.

R. canina Dumetorum.—This is a very rare variety of the Dog Rose of the hedgerows. Its fruits, or hips, as we prefer to call them, are very showy, a pure scarlet in colour and of oblong shape. We do not know whereth is handsome-berried Rose may be obtained, as we have never seen it outside a botanic garden.

The Penzance Briars are wonderfully bright in colour. It is a mistake to regard these as for the summer garden only, for few Roses bear brightly-coloured fruits in greater profusion. We think the most fruitful of all is *Anne of Gierstein*, which bears many bunches of fruit, each bunch containing over a dozen hips. The growth is very vigorous.

R. lucida is a familiar species, with bright red fruits amidst foliage of many tints, blue, grey, and red—a delightful association. This is very charming upon the rock garden.

NEW AND RECENT PLANTS.

A Beautiful Hart's-tongue.—It is a pity that hardy Ferns are not thought more of in English gardens. At one time they were as popular as many a favourite indoor flower at this time, but of late years even beautiful varieties have failed to arouse much interest. We hope, however, the variety of the Hart's-tongue shown by Mr. C. T. Drury at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society will tend to make this class more popular. The name of this Fern is *Scelopendrium vulgare* var. *Stansfieldi*, and Mr. Drury says: "It is one of the most beautiful forms which have been arrived at by continual selections, starting from a wild find of no very pronounced type, but gifted with a capacity for yielding distinct forms from its spores." The fronds are very distinct; they are not deeply frilled, but wide, and their edges adorned throughout, crests and all, with a delicate even foliage of semi-translucent laciness. Mr. Drury also writes: "The fronds, too, are remarkably even in character, which adds greatly to the beauty of the plant as a whole, many of the same section being very valuable in this respect, the fronds branching and cresting very waywardly, and on different plans."

Veronica Diamante.—We were pleased to see at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society that this *Veronica* received an award of merit. It was shown by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and is a variety of *V. speciosa*, a

species too tender, unfortunately, to stand the winter in most countries, but safe in the extreme south of the British Isles. *Diamante* has intense crimson spikes, and is in every way a distinct and showy shrub, quite worth growing in pots for the greenhouse and conservatory.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.

COTTON PICKING . . IN GEORGIA.

THE scarcity of cotton at a time of great commercial prosperity has sent the price up prodigiously, and temporarily stopped 3,000,000 spindles in one Lancashire cotton town. Various reasons have been given for the quasi cotton famine, each of which is usually contradicted by some expert the day but one after it is published. Except in theories about weather, we believe there is no subject on which experts exhibit more feeling than in their views on this most innocent vegetable wool and its probable price and abundance. Some Lancashire towns only use Egyptian



FREE NEGROES IN THE COTTON-FIELDS.

cotton; others stick to their old friends in South America. It is there that the main shortage of the crop has occurred, at a time when the world's demand has been exceptionally great.

Egyptian cotton only grows by irrigation, and consequently it cannot be much increased in quantity till the new Nile dam gives a larger water supply. But in the Southern States of America all the lower basin of the Mississippi seems suited for it, on the low ground. Cotton culture suits the Southern negroes, who now work fairly industriously at it, and get good wages. It is light work, in which the whole family can join, from the small children to the aged grandparents, especially at picking time. Then they earn from 14dol. to 2dol. a day, working at their own hours, singing old plantation songs, and generally enjoying themselves.

Our picture shows such a scene, and the appearance of the bursting cotton pods. But the whole cultivation of cotton is a beautiful and charming sight to the lover of Nature. In summer the plants on the Sea Islands, where the finest cotton is raised, grow from 5ft. to 10ft. high, and are covered with yellow flowers. In August the gathering of the crop begins, and goes on till the first frosts. Then the pods are laid to dry in the sun, and later the seeds are got out by the use of a cotton-gin. The Sea Island cotton is so long and regular in staple that the seeds are easily separated. The shorter and worse the staple is, the more difficult it is to get the seeds out, and the lower the price per pound.



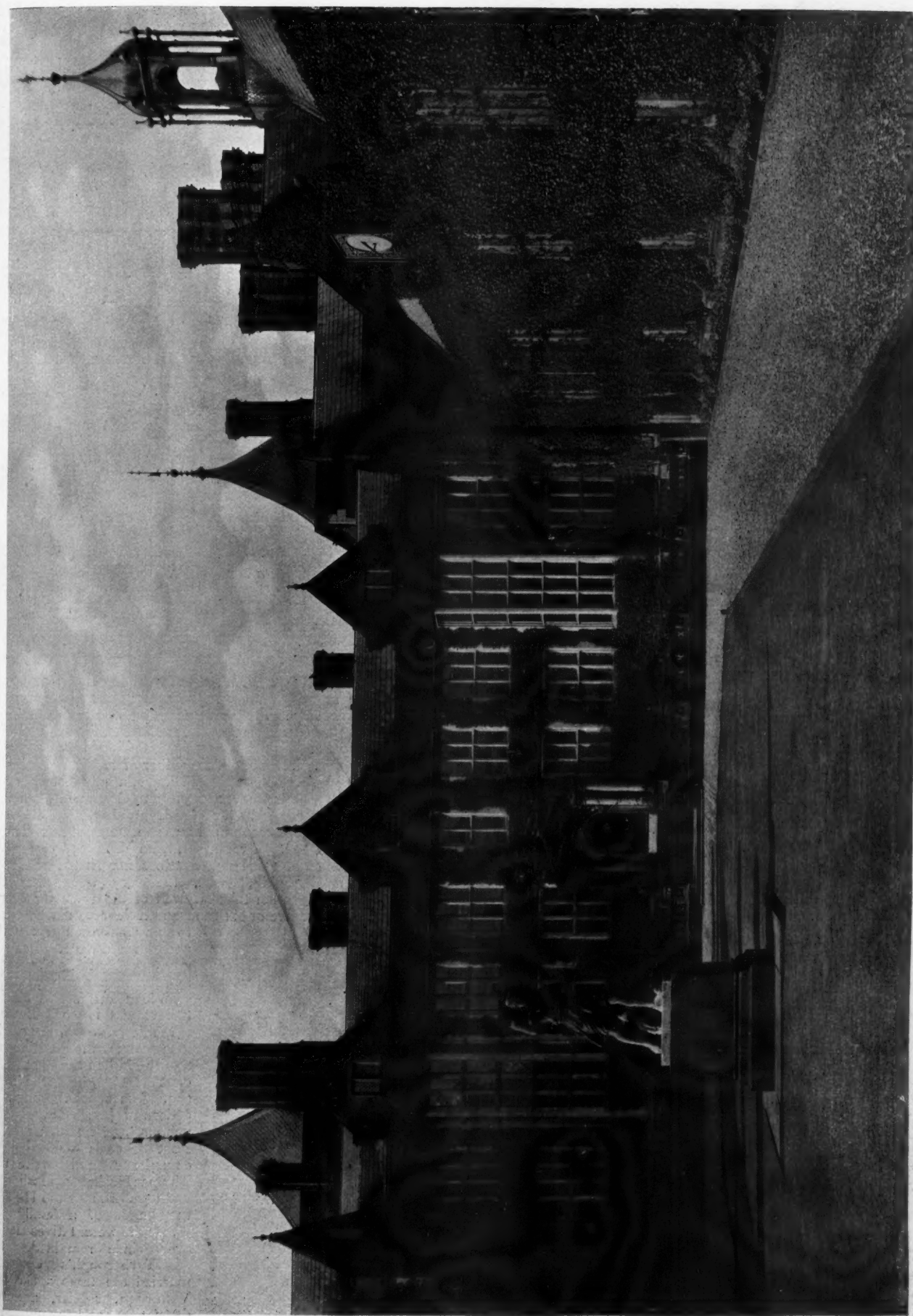
THOSE who have examined the long series of pictures of our most famous country homes which these pages have contained, will find no difficulty in assigning the Yorkshire house of Heslington to the age to which it belongs.

They will know that it could have been built in no other period than the spacious time of Elizabeth and James. The lofty frontage and glorious windows, the plan upon which the house is built, and the gardens that neighbour it, all bespeak the century which saw a change so vast wrought in the structure of our domestic life. The increase of wealth, of refinement, and of leisure, which marked the advance of the time, brought with it a striking transformation, proclaimed in the extinction of the feudal character of the nobles. The buttressed walls and frowning battlements disappeared, and were replaced by the pomp and lighter grace of such places as Knole and Longleat, Burleigh and Hatfield, Charlecote and Audley End. As Green says, we still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque gables, their fretted fronts, their turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on the new Italian garden, on its stately terraces and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South.

In the bold and characteristic front of Heslington Hall we discern the features that mark the change. The many

windows suggest that prodigal enjoyment of light and sunshine which was a mark of the temper of the age, but the lofty oriel window throws a flood of light into a great hall—legitimate descendant of those huge structures in which the earlier nobles had kept house with their dependents. The Elizabethan gentleman and his family had retired to their withdrawing-room, but the hall still remained, as Lord Bacon said, "so full of glass that we cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold." Such halls as this exist at Hampton Court and Haddon, and in many another house of the time. The plan of Heslington is that of the letter E, rightly or wrongly ascribed to adulation of Queen Elizabeth, although its porch has not the bold projection which is found in most of the great houses of the time. The proud distinction of country gentlemen was to receive Her Majesty in their houses when she made her many progresses through the kingdom, and almost beyond number are the mansions in which she sojourned. Heslington is associated with her in a singular and unfamiliar way, a way so unusual, indeed, that we know not what measure of credence to give to the assertions of the chronicler. The story runs that it was intended in some manner as a thank-offering of accommodation for her glory, and that its suites of rooms were specially designed for her reception. However this may have been, we may certainly aver that the great hall, the long gallery, and the other chambers of Heslington were well fitted to receive a royal guest.





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—HESLINGTON HALL: THE FORECOURT OF THE TUDOR MANSION.

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THE GARDEN SEAT ON THE BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

We have anticipated a little the history of the house. Lying within a couple of miles of the famous city of York, Heslington was necessarily a place of some importance. Those who have gone far back into its history bring it into relation with the operations of the Angles against Imperial Rome. They say that it was "the residence of the folk at the water hall," since in its name the root words of Old English are found—*ea*, water; *scel*, a hall or guard-house of justice; *ing*, a tribal indication; and *ton*, an enclosed residence. Such is the ingenious and fanciful verbal patchwork out of which they would have us believe Heslington sprang. We are on much surer ground when we reach one Thomas Eymes, a member of the famous Council of the North, who was the builder, and evidently the owner of Heslington Hall

in Elizabeth's days. He was succeeded in possession by the Heskeths, belonging to a great Lancashire family, and they by the Yarboroughs.

Sir Thomas Yarborough, the father of the first possessor of that name, had married one Mary Blague, a lady of the Court of Charles II. The fair dame, according to Grammont, had fallen in love with a French gallant of the Court, but, as she had not inspired the like passion in him, she married Sir Thomas Yarborough instead. Grammont, who does not give a very attractive picture of the lady, describes her as the wife of "a great country bumpkin," who, the very week after their marriage, had bidden her take farewell of the town for ever, in consequence of the five or six thousand a year which he wished to enjoy in the country. "Alas!

poor Miss Blague. I saw her go away about this time twelve months in a coach with four such lean horses that I cannot believe she is yet halfway to her miserable little castle." The castle in question was Snaith Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and the lady's son, James Yarborough—a godson of James II., a page of honour, and an officer of the Foot Guards—married the daughter and heiress of Thomas Hesketh of Heslington, and thus brought the Hall into the hands of a family with whose representatives it has ever since remained. One of Yarborough's daughters married the famous Sir John Vanbrugh, soldier, architect, dramatist, and many other things besides.

But Heslington was to pass through heiresses to other families which assumed the name of Yarborough. Mr. John Graeme married one of the Yarborough heiresses, and his son, Mr. Yarborough Graeme, adopted the new



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THE SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

surname, but he died, leaving no son, and the estate passed to Mr. George John Lloyd, afterwards Yarborough, who died in 1875.

The principal front remains scarcely altered since the time in which it was built, though an unfamiliar Diana now hunts in the forecourt. In other parts, however, alterations have been made, for the house was restored and enlarged in 1854. Yet its distinction is that it retains the features of the time in which it was built. The gardens occupy a notable place in the history of English gardening. Their strange, quaint, and fantastic yews, unlike anything else ever seen on sea or land, are own brothers to the better-known curious creations of Levens. There are no judges' wigs nor royal courtiers shaped out of the ductile yew at Heslington, but only cylinders, globes, and adaptations of beehive forms, with some other odd imaginings carefully kept with the picturesque aspect of the eld. It is a garden world of strange character, such as we like to linger in, but with marked features of a kind that would not bear too frequent repetition. The old skill of the pleacher and the topiary gardener gave great distinction to the gardens of Elizabeth's reign, and it is something to be thankful for that still at Levens and Heslington garden features exist which belong to a not much later date. The yew hedges are also remarkable, and afford curious vistas through which fine architecture and an old sundial or other such features may be viewed. You may look between these hedges, too, to the more natural charms that lie beyond, to radiant masses of flowers, and to a green park in which are many groups of splendid trees. The old bowling green is still used, and it neighbours a silvery lake, which is an attractive feature in these grounds. For the rest,



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THE ROSE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

there is not much to say. A quaint old garden, with the added charms which belong to modern times, a placid lake, and a splendid park, must needs be famous even among the great domains and fair gardens in which Yorkshire is so rich.

There have been, and there still are, many fine gardens in the level country that surrounds the city of York. Thus at Bishopthorpe, where has been the palace of the Archbishops ever since the time of Walter de Gray (1216-1255), the gardens are large and fine, and the same is the case at Escrick Park, and at many more great places—the "Ancient homes of lord and lady"—in the vicinity of York. Andrew Marvell, the poet, who was resident as a tutor at Nun Appleton when Thomas, the first Lord Fairfax, kept "noble hospitality" there, says that the gardens were laid out in the figure of a fort.



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THE QUAINP PLEAUNCE WITH ITS WORLD OF YEW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"The sight does from
their bastions ply
The invisible artil-
lery;
And at proud Cawood
Castle seems
To point the battery
of its beams,
As if it quarrelled in
the seat
The ambition of its
prelate great."

The gardens
at Heslington
Hall belong, per-
haps, to the same
period, though
doubtless having
undergone
changes, and are
very interesting
to the garden
historian. Such
a house could
scarcely be with-
out those features
which are a
distinction of
English country
houses. The
hall is lined with
armorial adorn-
ments, and there are portraits of Elizabeth, the four Stuart kings,
Prince Charles Edward, the Duchess of Orleans, the Duchess of
Grafton, and other famous nobles and fair ladies from the hand
of Kneller, Lely, and other well-known artists. The collection
includes a considerable series of family portraits also, and Lord
Deramore may well be proud of the noble mansion which has
descended to his hand, and which is preserved with stately,
quaint, and original charm.



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A VISTA THROUGH THE YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

what others, some of
whom sign their
names, while others
do not, who have the
right of audience in
respectable quarters,
say of a work which
has impressed me
deeply. The *Times*
tells us of "pas-
sages of imaginative
prose of a high
order," which may
deter the idle reader.
Mr. W. L. Courtney,
who has precisely
the kind of mind
best fitted to the
appreciation of Mrs.
Ward, uses the fine
phrase "grave and
eloquent"; the
Daily Chronicle (save
the mark) says "vul-
gar," which is ab-
surd; the *Morning*
Post dumbs with
faint praise, but
discounts the con-
demnation by saying
that it cannot
place "Eleanor"
on a higher pedestal
than other novels
from the same pen,

and by complaining that the characters do not live. The answer to this is
that it requires some imagination even to realise a serious novel. The answer
to the condemnation of the *Daily Chronicle*, the verdict of a common jury, is the
passage which it quotes as an example of vulgarity. The scene, a very
beautiful one, is the entry of the Pope and his procession into St. Peter's, and
the spectators who matter for the purpose of the book are Edward Manisty, the
strange genius, and the two women who idolise him, and the opening passage
is without doubt dignified and noble in no small measure.

"There—there he is—the old man! Caught in a great shaft of sunlight
striking from south to north, across the church, and just touching the chapel of
the Holy Sacrament—the Pope emerges. The white figure, high above the
crowd, sways from side to side; the hand upraised gives the benediction.
Fragile, spiritual as is the apparition, the sunbeam refines, subtilises, spiritualises
it still more. It hovers like a dream above the vast multitudes—surely no
living man!—but thought, history, faith, taking shape; the passion of many
hearts revealed. Up rushes the roar towards the Tribunes. 'D.d you hear?'
said Manisty to Mrs. Burgoyne, lifting a smiling brow, as a few Papalino
cries—'Viva il Papa Re'—make themselves heard among the rest. Eleanor's
thin face turns to him with responsive excitement. But she has seen these
things before. Instinctively her eyes wander perpetually to Manisty's, taking

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A VERY notable novel, another book of special interest to the readers of
COUNTRY LIFE, and a few books of sport and natural history
combined, occupy my attention to-day. The novel is, of course,
Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor" (Smith, Elder), and I am not
ashamed to say that I have read the earliest reviews of it, in order to see



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THE BOWLING GREEN AND LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—HESLINGTON HALL: THE SOUTH OR GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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their colour, their meaning from his. It is not the spectacle itself that matters to her—poor Eleanor! One heart-beat, one smile of the man beside her outweighs it all. And he, roused at last from his nonchalance, watching hawklike every movement of the figure and the crowd, is going mentally through a certain page of his book, repeating certain phrases—correcting here—strengthening there. Lucy alone—the alien and Puritan Lucy—Lucy surrenders herself completely. She betrays nothing, save by the slightly parted lips and the flutter of the black veil fastened on her breast; but it is as though her whole inner being were dissolving, melting away, in the flame of the moment. It is her first contact with decisive central things, her first taste of the great world-play, as Europe has known it and taken part in it, at least since Charles the Great."

Later comes the passage which causes the gorge of the *Daily Chronicle* to rise:

"Lucy fell on her knees, a sob in her throat. When the Pope had passed, some influence made her look up. She met the eyes of Edward Manisty. They were instantly withdrawn, but not before the mingling of amusement and triumph in them had brought the quick red to the girl's cheek."

Now to start with, I am not sure that it was vulgar in Manisty to look at a woman in St. Peter's with meaning in his eyes. But if it was, to use a famous phrase of Lord Esher, "Well, and what then?" Edward Manisty was a genius, wayward, and on occasion vulgar.

Is not vulgarity compatible with genius? The *Chronicle* says that it is not, but would that it were right, and that chivalry and genius did always go hand in hand. Sad as it may seem, a score of well-authenticated biographies of men, ancient and modern, tell another tale. One may not like the leading figure on Mrs. Ward's canvas; he may not be, and he is not, attractive as a personality; but as a work of art he is distinctly a fine production.

My own view is that, of all the critics, Mr. Courtney, with his "grave and eloquent," "touches the subject with a needle." Mrs. Ward is a serious, sometimes a very solemn woman. Her culture is wide and deep; her epigrams are significant, her jests non-existent; her scene-painting is of the most careful and of the most striking kind, and it is an open secret that she has lived much in Italy in order to complete the background of this novel to the highest point of finish; she revels in the problems of religion, in a very sober way, of course, and in those of society, in the scientific, not the fashionable, sense of the word. One rises from the best of her books, "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve," "Marcella," and "Eleanor," in a mood of admiration and respect, rather than of amusement and entertainment. She has a higher purpose than to beguile an idle hour into passing away, and her work is not for the trifler. It is absolutely thorough. Only the other day one who knows the inner secrets of Trade Unionism asked me where Mrs. Ward could possibly have attained her



Copyright

THE HOUSE FROM THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

knowledge of the Trade Union world, as exhibited in "Marcella." It would not surprise me in the least to hear the same question asked about "Eleanor." In "Eleanor," indeed, I have but one fault to find, and it is the same that I found in "Quisanté." We are told too much of the genius of Manisty, and of the impression which it produces; we see too little of it in undeniable manifestation.

The late Mrs. Alfred Gatty's "Book of Sundials" was originally published in a very modest form in 1872. It now appears in a much enlarged and in a rearranged form (George Bell), under the editorship of Mrs. Gatty's daughter, Mrs. Eden, and of Mrs. Gatty's "dear friend" and associate, Miss Eleanor Lloyd. It is antiquarian, historical, copiously, and on the whole adequately, illustrated, and it contains a practical chapter on the construction of sundials, which was once part of the accomplishment of every gentleman. The whole book is full of old-world interest, and it possesses more modern interest, more actuality, as editors say, than most people would be inclined to suspect. I fancy, for example, that to ninety-nine men out of every hundred it will be as much news as it was to me that portable dials, adjustable to any latitude, are still manufactured at and exported from Birmingham, and that they are much used by explorers—Dr. Livingstone, for example, always carried one in Africa. Very interesting and beautiful are the designs of ancient dials—Greek, Roman, and Phœnician; and some of the early English dials, notably Bewcastle Cross and North Stoke, are distinctly fine; but most of the Renaissance dials are disappointing—eccentric rather than artistic. Of almost every famous dial—horizontal, vertical, cylindrical, and oblique—we are given the authentic history, and finally we have a collection of mottoes, to the number of 1,682, good, indifferent, and bad. If there is a complaint to be made, it is that these dialling



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THE YEWS FROM THE GARDEN-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

enthusiasts have reckoned all fish that came to their net. They have acted like stamp collectors, and have put down in alphabetical order (which, when you come to think of it, is not so sensible as the chronological order, where it can be got) every motto they saw. Consequently, some of the mottoes are pointless, others are merely moral saws as appropriate to an inkstand or a coalbox as to a sundial. Of the latter kind is "Discite justitiam moniti," which is, however, appropriate to the Middle Temple; as also "Dieu soit beni," "Floreat ecclesia," "God giveth all." Also it must be confessed with sorrow that some of the translations are loose without being happy. For example, "Nil ni sit sol mihi" means literally "Nought un'ess there be sun for me," and the editor's "Less than nothing without the sun" means too much and too little. Again, "Nox venit. Redime. Lux es" is translated, "Night cometh. Redeem (the time). Thou art Light," whereas it is clearly in the nature of a prayer; and "A la bonne heure" in French is as happy as "In God's good time" is poor. But the good mottoes are there too, and "Horas non numero nisi serenas" is, as it always will be, far and away the best of them.

Of three books on sport and natural history combined which lie before me, the best written and the most readable is concerned with the most homely subject. It is "Pike and Perch" in the "Fur, Feather, and Fin" series (Longmans), by Mr. William Senior and others. The beauty about pike and perch fishing, especially the former, is that it affords manly and exciting sport which is within the reach of the many, whereas few but rich men have the opportunity of catching salmon with rod and line, and almost as few have the chance of trying their luck with a dry fly for "sizeable" trout. The beauty of Mr. Senior's book is that he is as good with the pen as with the rod. All his life long he has fished and he has written; indeed, he has been known to fish when he ought to have been writing, and the result is that the book is full of pleasant incident, genially told. One cannot quite say the same thing of "After Wild Sheep in Altai and Mongolia," by Prince Demidoff (Rowland Ward). It belongs to the game-book order. Thus and thus it happened. In the spring of 1897 the Prince and his wife saw heads of Ovis Ammon in Mr. Ward's well-known window, and thereupon the Prince made up his mind that he must go to Mongolia and get some more. Then the Prince and his wife met that mighty hunter Mr. St. George Littledale and his wife, and they determined to go out together, and they did. They passed through no very special difficulties or dangers, but they secured enough trophies to necessitate a special luggage van when they got to the Ob River. Then they got home, and the same naturalist in whose window the original trophies were seen now publishes Prince Demidoff's plain, unvarnished tale. Not being to the manner born, I cannot excite myself over this simple record of a campaign against sheep as much as if lions or tigers or elephants had been the quarry, but it is pleasant to

note that Mr. and Mrs. Littledale found time to be interested in the flora as well as the fauna of the Altai Mountains. "Sport and Travel," by Mr. F. C. Selous (Longmans), is a good deal better. It contains notes from Asia Minor, the Maimun Daghs, and the Rocky Mountains, and it is the book of a close observer, who can note that which is interesting and describe that which he sees. Sportsmen will note with interest that he revives the old controversy between the light bullet and the heavy in a new form. He tells us of three goats which went away wounded, leaving no blood spoor, and died, and were found. Here is what he has to say, rather horrible, but of practical interest:

"Strange to say, not a drop of blood had exuded from the bullet-holes, not even on the spot where we found him dead, and where he must have lain for a long time. With the first goat I had killed it was the same, for although, being hit through the lungs, he had thrown out blood very freely from his mouth and nostrils, none had run out from the bullet-holes. The very large ram, too, which the Turkish hunter found dead, and which I have, I think, every reason to believe had died from a wound inflicted by my rifle, had left no blood spoor. Are these cases of no effusion of blood from bullet-wounds mere coincidences, or is it the case that, speaking generally, wounds inflicted by the .303 rifle with expanding bullets do not cause such an effusion of blood externally as would be the case with rifles of larger bore?"

"The three wounds I was able to examine were not tiny holes drilled by solid bullets, but were made by bullets that had expanded on impact, and which had cut jagged wounds of the diameter of a shilling through everything they had touched; and possibly it is the jagged nature of the wounds inflicted that accounts for the want of hæmorrhage; for a hollow-pointed leaden bullet (if it does not break up) simply expands and makes a clean wound, whilst the hollow-pointed nickel-coated .303 bullet shreds up into sharp-edged ribbons of the nickel coating for half its length, each of which is bent over towards the base of the bullet, and which form altogether an irregular face of half an inch or more in diameter. Is it not possible that small blood-vessels cut by such a jagged-edged bullet driven through them at an enormous velocity immediately contract in such a way as to prevent the hæmorrhage which would result from a cleaner wound? I would be content to regard my very limited personal experience of want of blood spoor, after wounding an animal with a .303-bore rifle, as a mere accident, but I have heard similar complaints in other quarters, and I therefore propound a theory to account for it, which may or may not hold water. This want of blood from a flesh-wound is the one fault I have to find with the .303-bore rifle, as its trajectory is very low, giving one a good chance at ranges where the shooting would be very uncertain with other rifles, whilst the wounds it inflicts are, if anything, more severe than would be caused by a .450-bore rifle with expanding bullet of the best kind."

THE VINTAGE IN VENETIA.

THE first signs of the vintage were at Padua. Strolling through its arcaded streets, and blessing the builder of the arcades, for the September sun was burning hot, we came upon a large cart, with three men in it dancing vigorously. Why they danced appeared from the thin stream of pale red that ran out of the bottom of the cart into a tub set to catch it. When you climbed on the wheel to peep into the cart, you saw a squelching mass of grapes in which the six feet went continually up and down.

"Ecco, signor," said one of the smiling treaders, as he reached out a leg purple with the blood of the vine; "ecco, vino!"

Vino it was indeed, though at that stage it was not tempting. Nor, indeed, is it cheering to think of drinking wine made by such a process, even when it has been fermented and clarified, and reduced to a state fit for the table. It is not "a nice idea," even though you know perfectly well that the fermentation carries off any nastiness, and thoroughly purifies the liquor which is presently to comfort man's heart. This simple method of wine-making is only practised, however, on a small scale. The farmer makes his own wine thus, and the small innkeeper, and perhaps the indigent landed proprietor who is far from wine-presses and such-like conveniences of our later civilisation. All the wine that is likely to be set before the high-stomached signor Inglese is made in the press. But the more ancient method is the more picturesque. That street scene in Padua brought back in a flash the Italy of the Middle Ages. It was close to the great Church of St. Anthony of Padua, and a stream of pilgrims was just pouring out, solemn in their demeanour (for they were of a staid, more Northerly race than the cheerful, irreverent Venetian) after an exposition of relics and High Mass. We had seen them a little earlier praying earnestly to the saint, and kissing, in the ecstasy of their devotion, the marble of his stately tomb. Was it the end of the nineteenth century, or were we back in the time when that great statue outside the church—the first equestrian statue in the world, they say—had just been set up to keep in mind the deeds of the famous condottiere, whose methods of warfare are commemorated by his nickname of "Gatta malata," the patient cat? The hard, white sunlight and the cool, grey stone of the arcade can have looked not otherwise than they do to-day, and I make no doubt that the mediæval wine-treaders were just such merry rogues as these, and made equally witty remarks about the aspect of pilgrims and the oddness and curiosity of strangers.

A few days later, walking through the pleasant country that frames Verona with a smiling landscape, we found the operations of the grape harvest on every side. In the hillside



GATHERING GRAPES.

villages, the carpenters were hammering away at huge tubs. The wine-presses were being scrubbed with a will, and having their joints and screws ordered. The whole available population had turned out into the vineyards to pick, and at every turn of the road you met carts piled high with grapes, and drawn by teams of patient oxen with satin hides and enormous wondering eyes, and curly formidable horns that set you marvelling how they should bear the yoke so tamely. Not a hillside but has its terrace of vines, not a cottage without its pergola, not a garden that lacks its burden of grape-bearing, not a foot of space that can be cultivated from which the bounty

of Nature has not brought forth a gift to add to this plenteous harvesting. The very railway stations are festooned with gracious trails, and amid the leafage you can spy the ripe bunches that are to furnish afresh the station-master's cellar. And with all this profusion of the soil there is a pleasant carelessness on man's part that to a Northern eye has a special charm. Man seems to vie with Nature in open-handedness and generosity.

The vines are trellised even along the open road, and the purple clusters with their delicate bloom, the breath of autumn upon them, hang within reach of any hand that should think it worth while to pluck them. It is their very profusion that keeps them safe. After all, if a few bunches are picked, what matter? "It is but a spoonful out of the sea." This is, at any rate, the view of a peasant proprietor who is working in the midst of his grape-pickers, a laughing band of peasant girls, and who invites us, with a grace of manner that would do credit to an archduke, to enter and help ourselves. We are more interested in the pickers than in the grapes, but we each take a handful, and delicious they are, warm with the sun, and ripened in the soft air to an exquisite delicacy of flavour. Still, our aim is not the satisfaction of our palates. Would it incommode the signorine if we made their pictures? So far from incommoding, it would delight the signorine beyond everything. Then might one presume so far as to ask the signor to invite the signorine to stand with their baskets—so! and next, scissors in hand, under the large vine-plant—*giusto!* and yet again upon the ladder set against the tree which supports the trellis—exact! "*E fatto, grazie.*" It is done, thank you. "*Buon giorno. Buon giorno, signore. A rivederla.*" And so we go on our way again, more than sufficiently thanked for the *buono mano* we have left for our host and his helpers to drink our health with, and pursued by the salutations and good wishes of them all.

Everywhere you go in Italy, you find this same gentle courtesy of manner smoothing the asperities of life. Even when he cheats you—and the town Italian, at any rate, never loses an opportunity in this direction—he does it with a smiling grace that is well worth the money. A London cabman who grumbles at your shilling, grumbles like a bear, leaves you irritated by his bearishness, makes you think ill of the whole tribe of cab-drivers. An Italian cab-driver—better still a gondolier of Venice—swindles you with an exquisite charm. He will rapidly paint you a dramatic picture of the wrong you do him by not allowing yourself to be swindled. He will call to witness the bystanders; and, if this fails of its effect, will appeal from earth to Heaven, with fervent supplication for justice. He will overwhelm you with a torrent of words, cajole you with persuasive grin, summon to his aid your feelings as a father, a son, an uncle, a lover of mankind, dismount to discuss the matter quietly at the top of his voice. Finally, for twopence-halfpenny over his legal due he will invoke all the powers above to watch over your life; or, should you be obdurate he bears no ill-will, but drives off, still declaiming, and thoroughly pleased with the manner in which he has played his part in the comedy.

Mr. Howells, I seem to remember, attributes the Italian's pleasing manners to the ages upon ages of civilisation that lie behind him. The Italian, he says in effect, is at all events a civilised being polished by many centuries of polite intercourse. The Anglo-Saxon is still a barbarian; savage traits are as yet uneradicated in his nature. Whatever the explanation, the result is to make travel in Italy a perpetual joy to the traveller of developed social instincts. Some effect it must have, too, upon the Italians themselves, for the quality of courtesy is like that of mercy, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. Hardships enough the over-burdened peasant of Venetia bears.

How vastly better to bear them with a smile than to wear a February face,

"All full of frost and storm and cloudiness,"

as we should, under like fardels of extortion and need. Perhaps though, under the Italian sun, even we Northerners might learn to smile more readily. How it pours down upon the vineyards! It has been October for days, yet the heat haze that hides the far-off hills in a silvery mist would do credit to July, the "*baked cicala*" fills the air with a deafening chirrup, and the lizards rush up walls in feverish haste at the sound of footsteps. Further south the sun has burnt all colour out of the prospect,

and you see nothing but the neutral tints of light brown earth and grey-green olive leaf. Here everything is green—as green almost as we left the country in England. The acacia still wears its vivid livery of spring, and the grass is "but of a greenness!"—to quote Mr. Austin Dobson's porcelain Babette. As we sit by the roadside, under the grudging shade of stunted olive trees, a handsome, brown-eyed, straight-featured peasant comes along, and, feeling the sun, stoops down and dashes water from the brook that purls down from the hill over his brown hands and face, and so, with a smile and a "*giorno, signore,*" goes on his way refreshed. And then someone takes out a letter and reads how at home the autumn has come already, with its chill rains and sudden, searching gales. We are little inclined to echo Browning's "Oh! to be in England" just now.

From the picker's hand to the baskets carried yoke-wise across the shoulder or else on the back, from the baskets to the huge tubs on the ox-waggons, from the tubs to the press or the treading-cart. These are the stages in the transformation of grapes into wine, red or white. White, if you separate skins and stalks before the grapes go into the press; if everything goes in, red. The Italians are careless wine-makers. They are not so particular as the French about what goes into the press. Therefore is their wine rougher, lacking the quality of silkiness which wine-merchants do so extol. Finally, the press yields its ooziings into the tubs, and then comes the work of casking. After this, all that remains is to despatch the casks to purchasers; or, if the wine is to travel far, to fill one of the enormous tanks upon wheels that you see at the railway-stations



BRINGING GRAPES FROM VENICE TO THE MAINLAND.

labelled *trasporto di vino*. As for bottling, it is not a great industry in Italy. Unless you order an *asti spumante* or a sparkling Capri or some other one of the "fizzy" brands, you get your wine at hotel and restaurant straight from the cask. An elaborate show of cork drawing, and sometimes a neatly-arranged piece of tinfoil round the neck of the bottle, may deceive the inexperienced traveller; but you may rest assured that you are drinking "wine from the wood," as the public-houses are so fond of calling it.

So we wander on through the vineyards until the shadows lengthen out, and the "first sweet evening yellow" of the sinking sun turns to the brilliant reds and browns of an October sunset.

Looking across the broad province of Venetia, in the direction where we know lies Venice, stately and beautiful upon her still lagoons, we see the distance change from the smouldering and glittering aspect of day to the blue-grey twilight of evening. The air is still soft, and, unless a breeze comes down from the mountains, there will not be a shiver in it all night. But Verona claims us before nightfall, so we set off walking in earnest. The "*buon giorno*" of the passers-by changes to "*buona sera*," the gentle dusk settles down around us, and by the time we reach the city gate it is dark enough for the camera to be scanned with some suspicion by the officials of the *octroi*. But its nature is soon made clear, and we are passed in with a laugh and a gracious good-night. And as we drink our Chianti at dinner, we wonder what would happen to our friends the peasants if the millennium of the teetotalers were ever realised. And we feel as if we should like to catch a teetotaler, and putting him to the

terture, insist upon his furnishing an answer to the questions of Omar Uhazzam.

"Why, Le this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blasphe me the twisted tendril as a snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why then, Who set it there?"

H. HAMILTON FYFE.



BOOK advertisements are amusing when they record quick rushes of the public for books that are worth having, such as Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Eleanor" and Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Great Boer War," both of them really first-rate books, which are going ahead very fast. On the other hand, it is not quite so consoling to find that Miss Marie Corelli's "The Master Christian" has scored a far greater success than either of these books, and that it is already well into the hundred thousands.

"The distinguished preface always arouses our suspicion." Such is the very sane comment made by the *Academy* on Mr. Kipling's letter, declining, quite politely, to write a preface to "The Cruise of the Cachalot" for Mr. F. T. Bullen. To start with, Mr. Bullen's book, excellent of its kind, was quite capable of standing by itself, and, besides that, a preface to a new book by another hand is the puff preliminary in its most objectionable form. Very few authors will go to the trouble of reading other men's work in MS. or in type-written copy, which, after a while, is even more tiresome than any except a very bad handwriting, and, concerning prefaces of this kind, one always feels that they are either perfunctory or not fully honest, and that if they had been unfavourable they would not have been published. Far different is the case of really illuminating introductions to established works, such, for example, as Mrs. Humphry Ward prefixed to the recent edition of the Brontë's works, or that capital and recent one which Mr. Gosse has written for Mr. Heinemann's superb edition of the works of Hans Andersen.

There are those who take the duty of a literary critic seriously, and amongst them is Professor Saintsbury, who tells us in the first volume of his monumental "History of Criticism" that, "when asked to undertake the duty of a critic, he had naturally to overhaul his own acquaintance with the theory and practice of criticism, and to enquire what was the acquaintance of others therewith." For my part I am inclined to doubt whether quite so much of preparation is necessary or even desirable for the practical, as distinguished from the academic and even pedantic critic. The public, I fancy, does not want its criticism to be too clever or too acute; it is not always wanting to learn; it is more often desirous of amusement. Over and over again one book has satisfied the critics in every respect and has fallen sadly flat, because it was wanting in human interest, while another work, which has sinned against many canons, has succeeded because it had life and truth in it.

But hear what some of the young men say of reviewing. These are the words of a young poet who was asked by the Australian *Book-lover* to introduce somebody else's poems to the English public:

"I cannot do anything with or for the books you have sent me. I have no influence with the editors, and am not, and have not been for a considerable time, writing about books. I was, indeed, never a reviewer, except under the whip of want; nothing short of starvation can induce me to review; it is a hideous calling. There are not six books published in a year that one wants to read; and there is seldom one of these one can write anything about except, as I say, upon compulsion. More notably, too, than in most livelihoods the honest reviewer is the cannibal: he is the ghoul of reputations and kills the author, *qua* author, for pieces of silver and gold. And the good-tempered medium liar whose motto is 'live and let live' is unintentionally more cruel than the prompt tomahawker: he also prolongs the agony."

This is the kind of misleading nonsense which makes the blood of an ordinary working man of letters boil. Except in the rarest possible cases reviewers do not introduce the books which they review, and if they were permitted to do so the opportunities of log-rolling would be immense. "Influence with editors" is a phrase conveying an idea which is generally incorrect. Lots of people worry editors, but they very seldom produce any effect. Many more than six books that one wants to read come out every year, and upon these the followers of "a hideous calling" perform a useful function. That is to say, being men of good education and fair average taste, they read the books, and give the public the benefit of the impression produced by reading on a tolerably well-cultivated mind.

For heaven's sake, whether we be reviewers or dramatic critics, let us not take ourselves too seriously. Let us record an honest impression in an honest and a plain-spoken way, remembering always that our first duty is to make clear the quality of the book, be it history, biography, poetry, novel, or *belles lettres*, or of the play, and that the public will not thank us for labouring, with the aid of out-of-the-way adjectives, or of unfamiliar quotations lugged in by the heels, to show how very clever we ourselves are. The *Academy* rarely errs in this way, but I confess that the word "epideictic," in a review of Sir Edward Fry's *Essays*, raises my gorge; and in the matter of unfamiliar quotations the dramatic critic of one of our great daily journals is a notorious offender.

From the "epideictic" review I cull an idea well worth working out. "It would be a bad look out for the Bar, the Church, the Civil Service, or any other calling were its leading men to leave the making of books entirely to the professional scribes. And, happily, we see at present no chance of such a relinquishment." The late Lord Justice Bowen, Lord Coleridge, in his rare moments of writing, Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q.C., and Mr. Justice Darling are enough to give us confidence concerning the Bar; two very pleasant writers among clergymen are Dr. Jessopp and the Dean of Rochester; and Mr. Gosse, Mr. Walkley, and Mr. Arthur Leach, serve not amiss to keep up the credit of the Civil Service. But "professional scribes" is a phrase somewhat hard to

define. It includes presumably such men as Mr. Kipling and Mr. Anthony Hope; but does it include such women as Mrs. Humphry Ward, who carries on a great philanthropic work as well as writing novels, or Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler?

"Kid Glove Autobiography" is the unkind heading which is given to the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of "The Story of My Life," by Augustus Hare (Allen). Judging from some of the extracts it might have been as appropriate to call it "The Chestnut Grove," with the addendum that some of the trees are planted in the wrong holes. All the same, if it be true that Tennyson was roused to write "Crossing the Bar," by an old nurse who reproved him for yielding to depression, that story, at any rate, was worth telling.

Of forthcoming books "Montes the Matador," a collection of stories to be published shortly by Mr. Grant Richards from the pen of Mr. Frank Harris, seems to me to be the most full of promise. Earlier books bearing the name of Mr. Frank Harris, notably his "Elder Conklin," have interested me not a little, and it will be well worth while to note whether his work has altered in quality during a long period of silence. Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr's account of his captivity (Edward Arnold) should also be interesting.

Cultivated folks in England have known Miss Mary E. Wilkins and her works fairly well for some time, but they have perhaps hardly realised how great is the popularity in America of the woman who, more vividly and quietly than any other, has described the New England community. Undoubtedly she is the first woman author—there is, *pace* a contemporary, no such word as "authoress"—in America, and hundreds of thousands of men and women will learn with interest that she is shortly to be married to a Dr. Freeman, who is some years her junior.

Before these lines reach the majority of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE "Peggotty's Hut," which stands on the site of the Old Boat which Dickens immortalised at Great Yarmouth, will have been put up for auction, and perhaps sold. Be it hoped that the historic structure may not have been sold to a stranger and carried away to a distance. It is possessed of a strong flavour of literary interest, but that interest is very much stronger at Great Yarmouth than it would be anywhere else. But surely we shall learn that a local authority has purchased the classic relic, for, it has been written, "it is a great attraction to visitors," and watering-places are by no means indifferent to the commercial value even of literary associations when they are "an attraction to visitors."

Books to order from the library:

- "The Oxford Book of English Verse." A. T. Quiller Couch. (Clarendon Press.)
- "A little Tour in France." Henry James. (Heinemann.)
- "Memories of the Months." Second series. Sir H. Maxwell. (Arnold.)
- "Chloris of the Island." H. B. Marriott Watson. (Harper.)
- "Dr. North and his Friends." S. Weir Mitchell. (Macmillan.)
- "A Gentleman." The Hon. Mrs. Walter Forbes. (Murray.)

LOOKER-ON.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE Agricultural Handbook and Diary" for 1901 is the second number of a calendar that farmers can scarcely afford to dispense with. In the first place, it is edited by two men whose names command full confidence in the agricultural world—Mr. C. Adeane, of Babraham Hall, whose fine estate was illustrated and described in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, and Mr. Richardson Carr, Lord Rothschild's able estate agent. To their aid they have summoned experts who are practical in the best sense of the word, and who deal clearly and authoritatively with many topics of immediate interest on the farm. As they give expression to the most recent opinion on many vexed questions, it may be interesting to summarise what is said. We ought to add, for the sake of those who desire fuller information, that the book is issued by Messrs. Saxon.

Naturally, we turn first to butter-making, dealt with by Mr. Ernest Mathews, of Chequers' Mead, in Hertfordshire, who, of course, is known as a butter judge wherever shows are held, and who, before he was "called to the bench," was a breeder who won many prizes. He begins with the obvious and yet significant remark that, despite the work done by County Council dairy classes and travelling dairy schools, and the teaching of agricultural colleges and institutes, "with few exceptions it is almost impossible to obtain any butter which can be considered first-rate except from private dairies." No one competent to give an opinion will gainsay the truth of this assertion. It is not the greater cheapness, but the superior quality of their butter, that enables foreigners to keep us out of our own markets. We do not put this forward in the way of reproach, since the circumstances can be reasonably explained, but only as the fundamental fact to be considered in any change.

Dairy farmers do not devote so much energy as they might to butter-making, for the simple reason that in the majority of cases milk-selling is more profitable. When a good milk trade has been established, it would be absurd to substitute butter-making. The production of milk is fairly simple and easy, and it brings in quick returns of ready money. But a great deal of land is not suitably placed for it, and there very great disappointment is felt because grocers, who, of course, only follow the public demand, prefer Danish, Irish, Brittany, and colonial butter to English. The question is whether this is, or is not, irremediable. Mr. Ernest Mathews, we are glad to say, takes the more hopeful view. But to ensure success certain principles must be acted upon, and these he lays down briefly. The first thing is to get a butter cow. Speaking from his unrivalled experience, he says the butter ratio of the shorthorn averages about 28lb., that of the Jersey 17.5lb., and he takes the average yield of the former at 700 gallons, and of the latter at 550 gallons. From this he works out the following statement:

700 gallons of shorthorn milk at 7d. will realise	£20 8 4
550 " " Jersey " " " " " "	16 0 10
700 " " shorthorn " " will produce 254½lb. of butter and 500 gallons of separated milk.	
550 gallons of Jersey " " " " " "	314½ " " 350 "
of separated milk.	
254½lb. shorthorn butter at 1s. 3d. per lb. + 500 gallons separated milk at 1d.	£17 19 9
314½lb. Jersey butter at 1s. 3d. per lb. + 350 gallons separated milk at 1d.	21 2 2

Thus, if the shorthorn milk is made into butter instead of being sold, there will

be a loss of £3 1s. 1d. per head, but if the Jersey milk is not made into butter, but sold, there will be a loss of £5 1s. 4d. per head. This calculation demonstrates the error of attempting to make butter from the produce of heavy milking cows. A further reason is that the richest and most highly-coloured butter is made from milk containing large uniform fat globules. These vary in size in shorthorn milk.

For the actual work of the dairy, Mr. Mathews lays great stress on feeding, a matter too large to be touched on here, but which we hope to go into more fully later on, and of cleanliness as applied (a) To the person, (b) To the utensils and dairy, and (c) To the water, of which there should be a good supply. He says that in the West of England it will be some years before the practice of handling butter is discontinued, but elsewhere one would hope this is not done. After advising the use of a separator wherever butter is made for sale, he points out that:

(1) The milk should always be strained before being passed through the separator.

(2) The temperature of the milk should be from 90deg. to 100deg. Fahr., and the cream should be run out thin.

(3) Hot water at the temperature at which the milk is to be separated should be first run through the machine, or failing that, the first two or three gallons of milk should be run through twice.

If the cream is not to be churned when sweet, that is, unripened, it should be taken to the dairy and covered over with dairy muslin until ready. Cream, if sour, should be churned at a temperature of from 54deg. to 60deg. Fahr., dependent on the time of the year; if sweet, at from 52deg. to 56deg.

We set out with the purpose of only glancing at the chief points in this able and interesting paper, and have lingered so long over them that for the time being space prevents us from touching the minute and admirable directions as to churning. One of the concluding sentences, however, is so important that we quote it in full: "All the foreign butters, and indeed all factory butters, are of necessity overworked. The factories cannot control the breed of the cow nor her feeding, and, in order to get uniformity, colouring material has to be employed, and the different lots of butter have to be mixed or blended. The result is, the product is greasy and has lost the real butter flavour. That is why butter made in private dairies is so much superior, and it cannot be too strongly impressed on those who go in for butter-dairying that the difference between profit and loss is entirely dependent on the quality of the butter made." Attention has been drawn to this point before now in these columns.

Several other articles in the handbook, notably those on calf-rearing, shortwool sheep and their management, coppice, covert, and park, and the cost of wheat production, will repay the farmer's closest attention. He may be heartily recommended to consult the work itself.

ON THE GREEN.

TO most golfers of the modern school the name of Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes is just a name, and nothing more. For those who can remember playing with him, or seeing him play, his finished, easy style, and the effective way in which his long, powerful, and rather heavy club sent off the ball with its low trajectory, there can be few memories more pleasant, and few causes of more poignant regret than the knowledge of his death. He was a sportsman of the best type, ever courteous to an opponent, whether in the hour of victory or of defeat, generous, modest, yet with splendid nerve and pluck—quite one of the best of the amateur golfers of the old school. It was not only as a golfer that Mr. Gilbert Mitchell Innes was known in the world of sport; in fact, it would be more proper to say that there was scarcely a department of sport in which he was not known, in which he did not achieve more than moderate success, and in which he failed to win the respect and affection of all who met him. For some years he had ceased to visit the old St. Andrews' battle-field, but his fame will be green there for many a year yet.

It seems not a little curious to hear that there was just a suspicion of "feeling" in America over the rivalry of Taylor and Vardon. That is not to

be taken to imply that there was the slightest ill-feeling between these two. They are, we are sufficiently assured, as good friends as ever. But the Americans seem to have taken Vardon so closely to their hearts as to have identified him, in some measure, with their national golf, and to have felt very jealous for his reputation, which Taylor was naturally, and by perfectly loyal and sportsmanlike means, attacking. It is, perhaps, difficult for the American to grasp the idea of healthy rivalry in sport which the Briton inhales with his first breath. Perhaps this is but a feeble attempt to account for the feeling slightly antagonistic to Taylor, but there does not seem any other account to be given. If there could be a better fellow in the world than Taylor, very likely it would be Vardon; but we cannot conceive that a better than Taylor could be. We decline altogether to ascribe the antagonism to any defect in Taylor. We really believe it to be that America has assimilated Vardon, and regards a rival to him as a rival to the national golf. After all, our own copyright in Vardon is not without a weak spot, for by birth and by his early golfing education he belongs to Jersey, like many another good golfer.

It is always pleasant to read of the growth and success of the working men's

golf clubs, for the game provides so excellent a means of making the classes better acquainted with each other, besides being so excellent a recreation of itself. Last week, we see that the "Cantelupe" Club, as the working men's club that plays on the Ashdown Forest green is called, won a notable victory, by no less than nineteen holes, over a team, more or less representative, of the Ashdown Forest Club. Fully representative certainly it was not, but the gentlemen, if the distinction is permissible, had the services of Mr. Braybrooke and several others of less note, and must have made up a strong side. Nevertheless, the working men, with the youthful training of their club-carrying days to serve them in good stead, won the team match by the heavy balance aforesaid. There is an immense amount of undeveloped and unsuspected golfing strength latent in these clubs of the working men, both English and Scottish, and if some of their members could be put into the way of playing matches abroad and seeing the classic greens, it is likely enough that a champion might come from among them.

RACING NOTES.

ON Monday, at 2.30 p.m. for 3 p.m., a public meeting will be held at St. James's Hall to consider the vexed question of "doping" race-horses. Trainers, jockeys, and other persons interested are invited to attend, and no doubt veterinary surgeons will be strongly in evidence. That any practical good will be attained by such an assemblage it is difficult to imagine. It will be

a case of the Ephesians over again—some cried one thing and some another, and most of them knew not wherefore they were come together. Lord Falmouth was at first announced as going to take the chair, but for some reason or other this arrangement has fallen through, and I should imagine that the meeting will prove somewhat of a fiasco. Indeed, it seems obvious that the proper course to adopt in dealing with such a subject is for the Jockey Club to appoint a commission of enquiry, or for the stewards to constitute one themselves. There would be no occasion to make public all or any of the evidence that they might obtain, for the less general the knowledge of how to "dope" a horse is, the better. A certain well-known veterinary surgeon practising in the North of England has already made many practical experiments in "doping," the result of which he is quite willing to give to the stewards of the Jockey Club for their information, and Mr. John Huggins, the American trainer whom everybody likes and respects, can no doubt furnish the whole history of the matter, for his experience in America before he came here extended over many years. It is clearly of the greatest importance that any proceeding which, while it stimulates a horse for the time being to abnormal vigour, leaves his nervous system correspondingly depressed, should be rigorously suppressed, for racing under such methods would deteriorate rather than improve our bloodstock, and there would thus be no solid defence for its continuance when next the anti-gamblers should make a determined assault.

The success of Fabulist in the Liverpool Cup was not unexpected by the stable, but he was lucky to get home from Japonica, who lost the race by swerving in the last few strides. Good Luck was third, and Kempton Cannon made no more of him than did Lester Reiff in the Cambridge shire, despite



Miss Alice Hughes. MRS. HARDMAN'S LITTLE GIRLS. 52, Gower Street.

the criticism to which the American jockey was then subjected. There is no more honest, respectable, and quiet jockey riding, but for some reason or other—perhaps because he heads the list of winning jockeys—a dead set has been made against him in certain quarters. On Scotchman II. at Liverpool he succeeded in reversing the Doncaster running with Gerolstein, principally because he rode a good race and Rigby a bad one, but the stewards must needs call him to account and refer the matter to headquarters. In the Liverpool race he lay immediately behind Gerolstein, thus saving his mount from all the wind pressure until it was time to come out and win his race, which he did in brilliant style.

A similar feat was performed by Sloan when, at one of the spring meetings, he won on the wretched Irresistible, beating a Beckhampton favourite. Irresistible is a roarer, but this Sloan did not know until in the course of the race he pulled out from behind his opponent and prepared to go in front. It was a head wind, and immediately Irresistible faced the full force of it he began to make a noise. Until then, with the other cutting the wind immediately in front of him, he had given no audible token of his infirmity. Sloan instantly grasped the situation. They had still two furlongs to go, and he pulled Irresistible in again behind the Beckhampton colt—it was Jubert, I think. There he remained until the last 100 yds., when he shot the roarer out once more, and won in a canter. As a result Irresistible was sold for a large sum—nearly 1,000 guineas—but his new owner found him to be absolutely worthless, and was ultimately glad to get 60 guineas for him. It had been Sloan's riding, and that only, which won the race. No one ever suggested that the running of Jubert should be enquired into.

For the winner of the Manchester November Handicap, I do not think we need look further than Parquetry, who scored in such smart style at Aintree last Saturday, when he won the Grosvenor Cup. He was treated with undue leniency for his Manchester engagement, being handicapped at only 6st., and this with a 5lb. penalty amounts to nothing, in the matter of weight, which is of more importance at Manchester than on any other course at this season of the year. Then, too, Parquetry is a son of Trenton, and therefore almost certain to be well suited by a longer course than any he has been yet asked to compass. He is a sturdy sort of colt, well adapted for making his way through that Slough of Despond into which the Manchester track is apt to resolve—I had almost written dissolve—itself on the last day of the meeting.

It will interest readers of this column to know that the little thoroughbred gelding, which the late Major Dalbiac took out with him as one of his chargers to South Africa, and on which he intended to win whatever was to be won at Pretoria, is alive—or was within the last month. He is now in the possession of Trooper Eustace, who used to act as groom to the major, and it is pleasant to learn that the hardy little son of Prince Rudolph has so far survived the arduous campaign with General Rundle that at the gymkhana at Reitz he won the Troopers' Race very easily about the beginning of October, and was looked on as being a good thing for the open race at Harrismith, to be run a few weeks later. This shows the value of blood. As a matter of fact, Major Dalbiac was perhaps the best judge of a horse of his generation in England. It may almost be said that he lived for horses.

General Rundle's Division has been having a terribly rough time of it in the east and north-east of the Orange River Colony for the last seven months or more, and not a single one of the common-bred Argentine horses has lasted more than a month; but here is the thorough-bred by Prince Rudolph going through it all, and still able to win races. Only the Basuto ponies, who are to the manner born, have equalled him in hardiness. I hope to hear that he has been sent down to the base, for he is a lot too good for his present work, and



W. A. Rouch. MR. H. BEASLEY ON A HALF-BROTHER TO AMBUSH II. Copyright

some of the rich owners in South Africa ought to secure him with a view to the coming revival of racing there. OUTPOST.

AN IRISH TRAINER.

MR. HARRY BEASLEY, whose photograph we give mounted on a half-brother to Ambush II.—which, by the way, has recently been purchased by the Prince of Wales—is the second eldest of five brothers, all of whom have attained to fame as steeplechase riders, and when the late Mr. H. E. Linde and Eyrefield Lodge were at their zenith, he rode many noted winners hailing from the famous Irish establishment mentioned. Just as his eldest brother, Mr. T. Beasley, was wont to be voted almost the most perfect artist on a nice horse to ride that Ireland has ever produced, so on a rough customer Mr. Harry had no superior and very few equals. In due course he started training on his own account at Eyrefield House, adjacent to Eyrefield Lodge, and he began business with a stable of very good horses.

The ill-fated St. Marnock, who was killed at Liverpool, was generally regarded as an embryo Grand National winner, and Greek Girl and Flying Colours won some good races, but the best horse he ever had to do with, so far as training went, was the angular, plain-looking Come Away, than whom few better chasers have ever jumped a fence. Bought as a three year old at Sewell's for 36 guineas, Come Away was only once beaten in his four year old season, this being when he fell at Navan, but his greatest triumph was achieved when he carried 11st. 12lb. to victory in the Grand National of 1891. It was a remarkable contest, for Come Away broke down as they landed on to the race-course, but he was a wonderfully game horse, and though Cloister, who was in receipt of weight, ought to have won, Mr. Beasley quite out-rode and out-generalled the late Captain "Roddy" Owen, with the result that Come

Away, plodding on to the bitter end, scambled home half a length to the good. Although placed several times, this was the only occasion upon which Mr. Beasley achieved the highest honours at Aintree, but there were few other big races, either at home or abroad, that did not fall to his lot at one time or other, and on Royal Meath he won the Paris Steeplechase. He occasionally figures in welter races on the flat now, and not without success, for no further back than the end of August last he and Mr. T. Beasley rode a most exciting finish, which the younger brother, on his own horse, Too Good, won by a neck. Mr. H. Beasley's attention, however, is chiefly devoted to superintending the string of horses in training at Eyrefield House, and his most notable success in recent years was winning the International Steeplechase at Leopardstown with that good chaser Mount-cashel. It may be mentioned, too, that Mr. Beasley once owned Royal Flush, whom, as a two year old, he sold to Mr. Calvert for £800.



W. A. Rouch.

EXERCISING.

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AT THE THEATRE

PRETTY "Patience," so sweet and bright. Revived after nearly twenty years, with its chief reason of existence, the æsthetic "fad," not only dead and buried, but absolutely unknown to the younger generation, still it charmed and amused and delighted. Its sheer tune, its humour—humour which

sparkles even now that its basis is forgotten—enchanted the audience at the Savoy Theatre on the first night of the revival, and will surely continue to delight successive gatherings for many weeks to come.

"The Mikado" is fuller and richer in its melody, "The Yeomen of the Guard" more sonorous and ambitious, just as "Patience" was more mature than "The Sorcerer" and "The Pirates of Penzance." But for pure, simple melody, Sir Arthur has never written anything more seductive. As each phrase came to our ears we pricked them up in pleasant anticipation for the phrase which was coming. "Willow, waly," "I hear the soft note of the echoing voice," "Silvered is the raven hair," "The Magnet and the Churn," "Love that no wrong can cure," "The Waterloo House young man," and "Sing hey to you," are only a few of the captivating things in the opera.

And although the "flippety-floppings" of the characters, their droopings and their posings, the æsthetic jargon, had to amuse by their own merits, as it were, without any extrinsic aid of actuality, or the prevalence of the eccentricity they satirise, they are very quaint and funny; picturesque and graceful, too, for the Savoy chorus are most distinctly "fair women." Mr. Gilbert's dialogue also has so many conceits, fancies, and perversions, that it is funny in spite of its inappropriateness to anything going on to-day, and keeps us wreathed in continual smiles.

The company is truly admirable. Mr. Lytton, as the idyllic poet, has not only a keen sense of humour, but a most sympathetic and musicianly voice; Mr. Passmore, as the "fleshy poet," is enabled to give free rein to his broad and spontaneous fun. Miss Rosina Brandram, as Lady Jane, sings as beautifully as ever, and acts with the same point; Miss Isabel Jay is a most attractive Patience, who renders Sir Arthur's songs very prettily. Mr. Evett—a most excellent example of the "stock system" prevalent at the Savoy, being the hero of one production and playing quite a minor part in the next—and Mr. Jones-Hewson could not be improved upon; charming love-sick maidens are Miss Gaston-Murray, Miss Lulu Evans, and Miss Agnes Fraser.

"Patience" is mounted with the completeness and prettiness we look for at the Savoy, where the music and story are never overshadowed by the spectacle, and the chorus, as always, not only sing delightfully, but speak the words so that they are understandable—an excellent thing in a chorus.

"THE GAY PRETENDERS," the "comic opera" at the Globe Theatre, is not opera and is not comic. It is an attempt at burlesque, but it burlesques nothing. To call a thing comic opera in which all sorts of inconsequent songs, quite "out of the picture," are introduced, just as they are at the Gaiety—only they are infinitely inferior to those at the Gaiety—is quite unjustifiable. But we would not have quarrelled with the description of "The Gay Pretenders" had it been good of its kind. Unfortunately, it was hopelessly bad of its kind. When one sees the masses of lovely dresses, and knows the trouble and anxiety attached to a theatrical production of any sort, one hates to describe it as hopelessly bad; but one's first duty is, after all, to the public, and that duty makes it imperative to protest against the witless and the dull.

Mr. George Grossmith, jun., the author of the libretto, is out of his element as a writer, but as an actor he was the brightest and the most amusing person in his play at the Globe. He has a keen sense of fun, in acting, and an alert method which should

be very valuable to anybody else's musical play. With the exception of himself and Mr. John Coates, whose singing was the one artistic and pleasurable thing through the evening, the cast—full of popular names as it is—was lacking in everything which makes for success.

Mr. George Grossmith père was quite funereal; Miss Jeanne Douste, a singer with an excellent voice, which she uses like a musician, is quite misplaced in these touch-and-go entertainments, which require sparkle and lightness of touch. Mr. Richard Temple, admirable old Savoyard, Mr. Frank Wyatt, most frothy of light comedians, Miss Agnes Delaporte, clever and attractive burlesque actress, were granted no opportunities. Miss Letty Lind, to whom were given songs and dances without anything of originality or sparkle in them, seemed weighed down and quite unable to lift the thing out of the Slough of Despond into which it fell early in the first act.

The only part of the production in the period of the story—the reign of Henry VII.—were the lovely dresses designed by Mr. Percy Anderson. The characters were dubbed Perkin Warbeck, Lambert Simnel, the Earl of Oxford, Henry VII., and Prince Harry, but they might as well have been called Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Travesty, to be clever, must be based on reality. Mr. Rubens's lyrics are dexterous without being witty or humorous or graceful. Mr. Claude Nugent's musical score is without distinction. Such wholesale condemnation as this is not at all grateful to the writer of it, whatever those concerned may think. But there is every reason not to mince matters if we are to strive for improvement.

The costumes, Mr. Grossmith, jun., as actor, and Mr. Coates, if he will try to obtain more of the appearance of the hero of romance, alone in "The Gay Pretenders" could be regarded with any pleasurable feeling.

A REPRESENTATION of Shakespeare is always worthy of attention, but the performance of "As You Like It" by Mr. Vanderfelt's company at the Court Theatre is worthy of attention on no other grounds. Misfortune certainly had something to do with it, for Mr. Vanderfelt, an actor whom we remember for much good work, was unable on the first night to undertake the part of Orlando, owing to indisposition, and Mr. Cross, who took his place, gave such a "Howell and James-y" reading of the character, that the effect was rather humorous than otherwise. A tone of colloquial conversation is hardly suited to the blank verse drama of romance.

And an air of lassitude seemed to pervade things generally. In addition to the mediocrity of it all, there was a positive sin of commission in the use of the impertinently edited version of the play which deliberately alters the author's lines, in order to give Jaques the speech Shakespeare designed for the First Lord, a piece of Vandalism which we thought had disappeared for ever. The tameness of the general rendering made the Celia of Miss Paulton shine like a gem of purest ray serene, though it was merely pretty and shone by reason of the surrounding dulness. For the same reason, the workmanlike Adam of Mr. Wright seemed almost inspired. It were kinder not to particularise in the case of the other members of the company.

Mr. Tree is quite right. It does Shakespeare no good to be presented in this way, for all the protests of the advocates of austerity. It makes him seem dull and dreary.

MDLLE. WIEHE, who has come to the West End of London from the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, via the Coronet Theatre at Notting Hill, is a clever and versatile little lady, who received a hearty welcome at Terry's Theatre. It is, of course, interesting to note how the Danish capital amuses itself, and if the one-act pieces submitted by Mdlle. Wiehe and her company are fair examples of their taste, the people of Copenhagen are light-hearted folk who do not care about straining their intellects in their amusements. Presumably, in Copenhagen, Mdlle. Wiehe and her



companions act in Danish, in London they act in French, probably in order that we may follow it the better. The latter language is certainly the best fitted to the first piece on the programme, which is distinctly "French" in subject and treatment, being concerned in a lightly humorous way with the usual Gallic flirtation between a man and his friend's wife. Mdlle. Wiehe played very cleverly indeed in a little pantomime, "L'Homme aux Poupées," acting, in dumb show, the part of a doll. Miss Loie Fuller's wonderful serpentine dancing was another attractive feature of this varied entertainment.

It is a very awesome thing, this way in which we anticipate events, more or less intelligently, and positively we live in a whirl of futurity. Already we are discussing the Drury Lane pantomime to be produced next Boxing Night! We are revelling in anticipatory ecstasy over the scenic glories of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," the double-barrelled pantomime which Mr. Arthur Collins is providing for us. There is to be no opening "dark scene" to harrow us; and a series of spectacles concerning the past during which Beauty has slept, is, in "Beauty's Awakening," to "surpass all previous Drury Lane triumphs." Then there is to be a Crystal Garden, the very name of which conjures up visions of iridescent magnificence, which leads to the Castle of Enchantment. Mr. Dan Leno, Mr. Herbert Campbell, Mr. Fred Emney, Miss E'aine Ravensberg, and the flying Grigolatis, are only a few of the clever and popular people whose aid will be given to the "National Theatre Annual."

Captain Marshall's new play at the Haymarket Theatre will be produced on November 27th. Interest is additionally excited by the rumours that the brilliant author has written his comedy in a more serious vein than he has attempted hitherto, although, of course, the policy of the management of the Haymarket renders most unlikely any approach to sombreness; and judging by Captain Marshall's past work, he cannot help bubbling over with wit and humour. Playgoers will regret to learn that Miss Winifred Emery will not be in the company, which, however, will include such admirable artists as Miss Sybil Carlisle, Miss Fanny Coleman, Mr. Allan Ayresworth, Mr. Vane Tempest, and, of course, Mr. Cyril Maude.

Miss Lily Hanbury's performance as Miladi, in "The Three Musketeers," at the Lyceum Theatre, is an advance upon anything the beautiful young actress has hitherto accomplished on the stage. Its fire and passion, its restraint and sense of humour show that Miss Hanbury, when she has overcome her inability quite to conceal the mechanism of acting, will take a higher place in her art than most of us had hitherto imagined.



Lillie Charles.

MISS LILY HANBURY.

"The Swashbuckler," Mr. Louis N. Parker's "mediaeval comedy," will be seen at the Duke of York's Theatre almost as soon as these lines are in print. We are anxious to see another original play from the pen of Mr. Parker, author of "Rosemary," "Gudgeons," and "The Happy Life"—all so clever and original. Mr. Frohman promises us, also, some beautiful stage pictures.

PICEBUS.



THE death of Colonel Le Gallais, a most brilliant horseman over a country or between the flags, and one of the best forward polo players ever seen, will be greatly deplored. We had all followed his career, from the time when he came to the front as a cavalry leader at Omdurman, with the greatest interest and an expectation of great achievements which has only been disappointed by death.

It will not be necessary to dwell long on Kirby Gate with the Quorn, partly because so many papers have reported it, and partly because they had a very poor day's sport. The assembly was, as I anticipated, as large and as brilliant as usual. Some people said there were fewer horsemen and horsewomen than last year, but I failed to see it. All that was wanting, to a good day was scent. There were foxes, and the country rode fairly well. On Friday at Beeby, the weather which has of late been as unpleasant to us as it is good for hunting, was fine and clear. This was our first regular Friday, and the sun shone on a field gay in pink. The Quorn Friday field is the best turned out in the world; not only is the general effect good, but the details will bear looking into. Barkby Holt was the first draw, but was blank. Mr. Henry Chaplin was out, enjoying the freedom from official cares in the hunting-field. One of the keenest of heavy-weights, Mr. Chaplin, like Lord Spencer, has had to exercise a good deal of self-denial. Unfortunately, hunting and politics, as Mr. Romford observed of hunting and drinking, are "two men's work." Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will, perhaps, remember my partiality for Barkby Holt, and it was with a feeling as if an old friend had disappointed me that I trotted away for Baggrave. But the finding of a fox in a small covert would, I believe, enable one to forget almost any ill flesh is heir to—for the time. To-day there was a fox in the spinney. He broke without much delay, and then, with a scent which enabled hounds to run fairly well, led us up the hill towards Ashby Folville. From this point he began to turn right-handed. The line he chose was a good one, and with hounds always swinging to us, there was no great hurry. But Leicestershire horses like being driven at their fences, and when going steadily there is always a certain amount of rapping of rails and brushing of binders. If the regular Quorn horse were asked what he would like best, his vote would be for twenty minutes over grass, taking all his fences at something little less than Grand National speed, and then home. Some riders like that best, too. But for the man of moderate means and the remnants only of youth, the sight of the Quorn hounds working out a line and making the very best of every atom of scent was a real pleasure. The hounds turned to us at Lowesby; the pack hung for a moment at Carr Brigg, then ran with more dash over the grass past Baggrave. Still round and down to the South Croxton Brook. Away for the gate we gallop (where the fox is safely over), and up that steep and friendly road to South Croxton, while the hounds run over the fields to the right of us between Barsby and Ashby Folville. The course was an exact circle it will be noted. As we draw rein we hear that Lady Gerard has had a nasty fall in this gallop, and has been driven home to Rotherby Hall. Lord Gerard, by the way, is one of those who went right through the campaign with General Buller and has come safely home again.

Over the various opening days of the week I may pass lightly, for none of the sport was really good. So far as I can gather, the Cottesmore—Arthur Thatcher once more carrying the horn—seem to have had a scent on their Tilton day, but fog spoilt the proceedings, at all events for a good many people, and no one but the hunt servants could say exactly where the fox or foxes ran to.

Mr. Seymour Dubourg has shown what can be done with a difficult country like the South Berks by tact, hunting the country fairly, and showing good sport. A correspondent, referring to what I said a week or two ago as to the number of foxes enabling hounds to hunt an extra day a week in this country, informs me that not only is this the case, but that the supply is very evenly distributed, and that if I come

Titchfield Road, N.W.

out with the pack (as I certainly mean to do) I shall find those bold wild foxes about which, he says, I am always writing. Moreover, I had a talk with a local farmer, who tells me his chief pleasure is hunting and his favourite pack the South Berks. With Mr. Seymour Dubourg you can have plenty of variety. To-day you may be galloping over downs as fast as blood can carry you, to-morrow you may be working your way through rough, difficult, but sporting woodlands. Such a day was Thursday, the opening day.

However plentiful foxes may be, in a woodland country they take a good deal of finding. The fox, after all, is but a small animal. Snugly curled up, he takes but little room in a big wood, and leaves no scent till he is on the move. But the ringing cry of hounds, so necessary in a close country, tells of a fox well found. Soon hounds are seen working the line towards us, the Master sitting patiently and watching them while they puzzle it out. With a poor scent no one can help hounds much, except to lose their fox. Patience and perseverance were rewarded, for though there seemed to be no great pace, the pack worked right up to their fox, and were close to him when he went to ground. Not an easy country for the horses. It is deep and trappy, but many and many a good horse has been made in South Berks. Grazeley gave the second fox, and, scent improving, hounds pushed him along right up to the borders of Mr. Garth's country, but were stopped by the early twilight of a November day.

Both the first regular days with the Queen's were poor, and a friend who went to Maidenhead Thicket says that a bad deer which took a bad line spoilt the morning's sport. The opening day, when Lord Coventry brought down Lord Churchill to show him the duties of a Master, was good in point (eight miles), but over a country which is practically unridable.

The Belvoir at Croxton Park, on Wednesday, drew a most distinguished assembly, quite worthy of the historic fame of the fixture. For example, I noted the four women who are at present the best mounted in England. That is saying much, but it is true. Lady Warwick comes first, on account of her peerless chestnut; Lady Downshire, who has a stable full of that colour; Mrs. R. Muir, and Mrs. W. A. Lawson. These are all Meltonians. Of the regular Belvoir followers were Major Longstaffe, Mr. Edgar Lubbock, Mr. Maurice Gifford, who goes as well with one arm as many of us do with two, and Mr. and Mrs. Knowles. From the Castle the two Ladies Manners. Bescaby Oaks is a time-honoured draw. It is a fair-sized wood, and generally holds foxes. Last time the pack drew it blank. This time a fox was soon on the move, then another and another. Apparently a whole litter had returned to the haunts of their youth. Capell, who was again carrying the horn, got the pack settled at last on one. Sproxton Thorns is but a few fields away, and thitherwards the fox turned; swinging, however, rather sharply to the right before he got there, hounds were brought to their noses in a field of roots. Here they could scarcely own the line, and Capell took them to "holloa." They hunted on for a field or two, and then, as they touched the old turf of Croxton Park, they flung themselves on the scent, and, with the notable cry of the famous pack, stretched away to run over the park. This was the best of it, and when outside the park hounds owned a line over the Waltham Road, he was evidently a lost fox. The scent grew weaker and weaker, and just by Mr. Seabrooke's house hounds were fairly run out of scent.

There is a letter on the subject of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society from Lord Zetland which calls for careful attention from hunting men. Lord Zetland is anxious to raise the sum of £7,000, to enable pensions to be paid to benefit members at the age of fifty-five instead of sixty years. Considering the services of huntsmen and whippers-in, and the chances that they may, without any fault of their own, be removed from active service at a time of life when it may be very difficult to obtain another situation,



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TO THE MEET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it seems most desirable that they should become entitled to their pensions at the earlier age. Nor does the sum required seem a very large one to ask for, on behalf of men to whom we owe so much, from the lovers of a sport which certainly has many wealthy men among its supporters. The Hunt Servants' Benefit Society has never been a credit to hunting men.

There is no pack which has afforded more genuine sport, in a country where hunting is rather difficult to obtain, than the staghounds which hunt the country round Norwich. They are to be carried on by Major Willett (7th Dragoon Guards) as Master and huntsman, with Majors Wigan and Elliot (13th Hussars) as whippers-in, and J. Smith as kennel huntsman. The hounds will be kept by subscription. Mr. G. Gowing, of the White House, Sprowston, is honorary secretary.

The V.W.H. (Cricklade) seem, like the Ludlow, to have made a genuine effort to deal with the wire difficulty. If the landlords will grant posts and rails, half the difficulty will be done away. A well-known landlord told me that he had given away something like 400 poles for this purpose. Any farmer on the estate who wished to substitute posts and rails for wire could have the means of doing so. No doubt Mr. T. Hooper Deacon hit the right nail on the head when he suggested this to the V.W.H. It would be a thousand pities if so charming a country were spoilt by wire. X.

THE HUMBLING OF PHELMIM O'GRADY.

I MET Phelim O'Grady again, for the second time that day, ON THE BOG OF ARDEE, on my way home from the fair. He was in earnest converse with a friend, and it was apparent, from the terrible sobriety of him, that something was sadly amiss. He wore his best fair-going clothes, top-hat, tailed coat, and stoutest shillelagh; but there was that about him that confessed he had not partaken, in any considerable measure, of the bowl that inebriates, and that is a shocking condition for a man on the way home from a fair.

I had seen Phelim before at the fair, but that was in the morning, when a state of sobriety does not, of necessity, mark off a man, unsocially, from his fellows, and there had been question then of a horse he had to sell. For myself, I was "on the buy" on commission, but I had no commission to buy the horse of Phelim O'Grady, who was a friend. So thereon I contented myself with giving him disinterested advice. When I chanced on him he had just had an offer for his horse of £16. It was enough for as weedy, weak-chested, knock-kneed a colt as ever starved on the heather of an Irish hill-



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MAKING A START.

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side; and I told him so, counselled him to take the £16 with gratitude, pointed out to him the upright shoulder, the weak pasterns, all the crying defects; and all that Phelim O'Grady would say then was:

"Eh, Mr. Murphy, yer honour, it's the hard man yer honour is. Ye're the man to see the wake points of a harse."

"Well, Phelim," I said, "and that's what I'm here for."

"Sure, an' it's thruth, yer honour," and then he turned from this whispered conversation with me to a higher-voiced harangue of the dealer.

Then came up a friend of Phelim, according to previous instruction and well-known custom, praised the horse with an unction that became him well, and ended by offering £25 for him, whereon Phelim made show of hesitating, said he had committed himself to the dealer to take £20, and so on. But the dealer had played the game before; this chaff was too thin for his capture, and even as I watched he went away.

Later I saw Phelim, who had no merit in life if he had not that of confidence that all his geese were swans and all his horses Derby winners, entering his bag of horse bones for the jumping competition, by which token I knew that not even yet were the horse bones sold. And jump the thing did a bank after a fashion, and swam in and out of a brook; but then they came to the stone wall. There was a boy on a flying pony to give a lead over, and lead he did; but devil a bit would Phelim's Pegasus follow. Devil a bit, though, the crowd, not to be balked of their fun, would come crowding in, slapping the horse on flank and buttock with bare palm, ash plant, shillelagh, top-hat, or anything that came most handy, for there was a man retained at five shillings a turn to mend up the loose stones of the wall top when they were knocked down. All the crowd were on his side, in the hope of the drinks he would stand free when all was over, and to let off a rider a crown for the stones he would knock off if his horse made an offer at the wall was not to the mind of the people. Finance and fun for once drove the same road in the matter; but Phelim's horse knew too much for them. Lift up in front to clear the wall he would not, but lift up behind to scatter the people he would, and did, and in the end they had to give him up, and the wall mender never got his five shillings from Phelim. Neither did Phelim take the prize in the jumping competition.

And as I met him in the evening in converse with his friend on the Bog of Ardee he came to me in an apologetic mood:

"Yer honour," he said, "I'm humbled in my sperrit, for it's sixteen pounds they was offering for the harse, and yer honour bade me take it, and I would no. And at the larst I had to take ten pounds for the harse, or else to lead him home. And sure that I would no do at all, at all. And sure, yer honour, I'm humbled in my sperrit."

Now this was a curious picture, for there are many different moods that you may see in an Irishman coming home from a fair, moods bellicose, jubilant, incoherent, comatose, broken-pated, what you will; but the mood of humility is most uncommon, so uncommon that it seemed worthy of a record, such as I have taken of it on the Bog of Ardee.



Miss Ruxton.

ON THE BOG OF ARDEE.

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sparrows, who were carrying straws up to a deserted house-martin's nest, as if they thought of making it their nursery. On the same day, in a copse where the underwood had been cut down (always the favourite spot for the primrose), I saw several of the plants in bloom, presenting an appearance quite spring-like. I am not good at statistics, but I fancy we should have to go back no little way down the years to match these pleasant things in November.—S. L.

BRIGHT STARS AND RAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me the grounds for a superstition or piece of wisdom (I do not know which) about the weather that has come to my ken but lately? The other day—Hampshire was the county it occurred in—a countryman said to me, as we sheltered together under a tree, "I thought as how it would rain to-day, the stars was shining that wonderful bright last night." Now I wish to know whether this is an accepted sign of wet weather to come, whether it is worthy of any credence, or, if it is a superstition, and a common one, what are the grounds of its origin?—E. W. K.

[Our correspondent will, perhaps, forgive our saying that his way of stating his case puts us a little in mind of a specimen, from the logic books, of "the fallacy of many questions." It is commonly accepted that when the stars shine with unusual brightness there is a likelihood of rain, such bright shining being due to the same quality of moisture in the air that makes the abnormally close appearance of distant objects a tolerably good indication of wet weather to come.—ED.]

A WILD ROSE IN OCTOBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I noticed the above in your issue of November 3rd, but can improve on it, as on November 9th and 10th I saw three or four wild roses in perfect bloom in a hedgerow on the Warwickshire hills. On the top of one of the hills I also saw a large quantity of the ordinary scarlet poppy in bloom on the same dates.—V. W.

FLORAL CLOCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I venture, as a regular subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE, to ask you for some information as to "Floral Clocks" (like the goat's beard)? I believe that in Pliny's days no fewer than forty-six flowers had been observed to open and shut at certain hours of the day. Perhaps you could kindly suggest some books of reference.—BERTHA V. LANGLEY.

[This is a fascinating subject, but we have small faith in flowers as time-keepers. Of course, everything must depend upon the weather. A flower may open accurately upon genial days, but fail to record the time when no sun shines to coax the plant to behave correctly. It is all a matter of weather. One may as well place faith in the sundial as a recorder of the hour, and therefore, if you intend next year to make a floral clock, you must be prepared for only partial success. That great botanist, Kerner, has said, "The floral clock of Linnaeus has fallen into oblivion, and the younger generation of botanists scarcely know its name." Canon Ellacombe, writing about floral clocks, says, "The Philosophie Botanica of Linnaeus" (Ed. iv., 1809, p. 415) contains the original of all floral clocks." The Rev. Henry Ewbank, writing in the *Garden* of March 24th of this year, says, "What exactly did Linnaeus mean by his own words? I am indebted for this observation to the very interesting book on 'Flowers and Flower Lore,' by the Rev. Hilderic Friend, in which he quotes, on page 335, a passage from Dr. Cooke to the following effect: 'It was a happy idea of Linnaeus to construct a floral clock with the hours representing the opening or closing of certain flowers.' It was also the same botanist who applied the name of 'meteoric flowers' to such as closed and expanded periodically, at or near the same period of time, or such as appeared to be influenced especially by the definite atmospheric changes in opening or closing. Pretty and poetic as such a theory may be, it is doubtful if it extends beyond this. A dull day and a bright sunny one, a dry morning or a moist one, will certainly not produce the same results. The opening and closing, depending so much on light and temperature, will be related more to the bright clear sky and the warm genial atmosphere than to the particular hour

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I remember that about this time last year you had a very timely remonstrance in your excellent paper against the spending of considerable sums on bonfires and quasi-loyal and anti-papistical processions at a moment when all our little mites were wanted to help our poor fellows in South Africa, and those whom they left at home without protectors. I am in hopes that your remonstrance had its effect, for I do not think that so many of these rather absurd celebrations have been held this year. However that may be, my point in writing to you is to note that the 5th of the November of the last year of the century may be remembered by something a good deal more pleasant—by the spring-like geniality of the climate. It was on Guy Fawkes' Day itself that I found in West Sussex a spray of bramble, or blackberry, in full blossom, and on a hive bee feeding. This was not on a day warmed by any sun, but on a dull, mild day. Two days previously, that is to say, on Saturday, the 3rd, I had heard a skylark singing merrily, as though fully persuaded that the season must be spring, and I saw the same delusion apparent in the actions of a pair of house

of the day. Limiting all these influences and conditions, it is doubtless true under a normal condition that there are many flowers which open and close nearly at the same time, or within an hour. It might be said that certain flowers have a manifest tendency to open or close at or about a certain time, unless this tendency is disturbed or thwarted by special interference. Probably this was all that Linnaeus ever intended, and that his design was to indicate that some flowers expanded with the first break of day, others not until noon, and others again in the evening or during the night. . . . The Morning Glory speaks for itself; *Tragopogon*, which is so very oddly though suitably named 'go-to-bed-at-noon,' seems to have a preference for a different hour; *Chlorogalum pomeridianum* keeps fairly well to its designation as an afternoon flower in my garden; and the Evening Primrose (*Oenothera*) generally, but by no means always, waits for some few hours afterwards before it puts in an appearance, and many other instances of preference might be given." If you desire to make a floral clock, you must thoroughly understand the subject, and it would be a pretty idea to associate the sundial with a garden of this kind. We hope, however, you will regard the "floral clock" as a floral timekeeper, a poetic fancy, and a pretty idea to interest oneself and friends. Anything on an elaborate scale is a mistake. We do not wish for a return to the "carpet bedding" style of gardening, which "clock" suggests. The clock of De Candolle will probably interest you; it is as follows:

	Opens a.m.		Opens a.m.
<i>Ipomœa purpurea</i> (Major convolvulus)	2 0	<i>Mesembryanthemum nudiflorum</i>	10 11
<i>Calystegia sepium</i>	3 4	<i>Ornithogalum umbellatum</i>	11 0
<i>Papaver nudicaule</i> , many composites	5 0	<i>Passiflora cœrulea</i>	12 0
<i>Convolvulus tricolor</i>	5 6		p.m.
<i>Convolvulus siculus</i>	6 0	<i>Pyrethrum corymbosum</i>	2 0
<i>Sonchus Hieracium</i>	6 7	<i>Silene noctiflora</i>	5 6
<i>Lactuca</i>	7 0	<i>Oenothera biennis</i>	6 0
<i>Anagallis arvensis</i>	8 0	<i>Mirabilis Jalapa</i>	6 7
<i>Calendula arvensis</i>	9 0	<i>Lychnis vespertina</i>	7 0
<i>Spengularia rubra</i>	9 10	<i>Cereus grandiflorus</i>	7 8

We hope any reader of COUNTRY LIFE who has "constructed" a "floral clock" will also assist our correspondent. Notes about a garden so poetic and interesting will be welcome.—ED.]



POSTON TERRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of three of my Boston terriers; I hope you will think it worthy of reproduction in COUNTRY LIFE. The largest dogs, Lady Bess and Timothy, are both prize-winners, while Dolly, their offspring, has not yet been shown. This is a distinctly American breed, and a very popular pet dog in this country. The average weight is 18lb. or 20lb.—ALICE BROWNELL, Newport, Rhode Island.

TO SAVE SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—By way of comment on your recent leader about the salmon fishing and the Commission sitting thereon, may I draw your attention and that of your readers to the evidence lately given before the Commission by Sir Herbert Maxwell. You will remember that your article made a point of the fact that while the estuary nets were taken off from Saturday to Monday on such rivers as the Tay, the salmon that ran through during those close hours were nearly inevitably caught by the up-river nets on the Monday and Tuesday. The salmon found these nets awaiting them. The point in Sir Herbert Maxwell's evidence that bears so interestingly on this is his description of the way they do things in Norway, in a river which he does not name. There the estuary nets are taken off on the Friday from 6 p.m. till the Monday at 6 a.m., and in order to avoid the calamity of the fish that get through them being caught higher up, the regulation is that up-river nets come off from Saturday morning till Tuesday night. The wisdom of this must be obvious to everyone whose eyes are not blinded by interest in the up-river netting, and it is to be hoped that its wisdom will be apparent to the Commission before which Sir Herbert Maxwell gave his very valuable evidence. It is evidence that even gains in value by the very frank and courageous way in which this eminent field naturalist confessed that he believed previous evidence given by him before a former Commission to have been given under a mistaken view of the case. The opinions of a man who can confess an

error so frankly are, on other circumstances apart, well worth receiving. Someone appears to have asked him, before the Commission, what kind of gulls would eat spawn of salmon and young salmon if they could get it, to which his reply was that no kind of gull, so far as he knew, would hesitate to avail itself of the chance of such a meal if it fell in its way. I do not think too much prominence can possibly be given, in view of the pressing necessity of doing something to save our salmon stock, to the excellent way of managing the weekly close time as described by Sir Herbert Maxwell to be in vogue in Norway.—H.

PONY AND IRISH TERRIER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying is a photograph of my pony Bob and Irish terrier Pat. They are the most devoted friends, sharing the same stall, and whenever they meet Pat jumps up and kisses Bob's nose. When in the position shown in the photograph, Pat's jealousy is so great that woebetide anyone who attempts to interfere with Bob. Sociable as the dog is, he will at any time leave the house to be with Bob in the stable.—M. H. GALLAND.



A BUTTERFLY IN NOVEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested to hear that lately, in the neighbourhood of Colwyn Bay, I saw and nearly caught a fine specimen of a red Admiral butterfly. This, I am told, is almost unprecedented at this time of the year, even in this very mild climate, and, in conjunction with the number of wild roses on the hedges here and elsewhere, shows that this is indeed a "record" season.—G. H. B.

IRON IN WATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read in your excellent paper the other day an article on water stealing by well deepening. Now, I have been well deepening lately. I do not think I have been water stealing, for there is no neighbour very near to have a property in the water. That is not the point, however. The point is this: I have got more water, as a consequence of deepening, but it is water of curious quality. It comes up perfectly pure and bright, but when it is boiled it turns thickish, and there is quite a scum on the surface when we make tea with it, the infusion seeming to be of a very dark colour. I have looked carefully into the thing myself, and am certain that the fact, incredible as it seems, is true. Perfectly clear water, boiled in a perfectly clean saucepan, becomes quite thick. Is this a miracle, or is there any rational scientific explanation of it?—F. DRAYCOTT.

[We do not think it is a miracle, neither is your experience at all without precedent. Everything that you write suggests that you have come into a water-bearing stratum that is much tinted with iron. If you smell the water, even when perfectly clear, you will probably detect a distinct odour of iron, as of rust. Water impregnated with iron is often clear until boiled, then thickens, and makes tea very dark. You do not mention the character of the stratum you are in. This iron often is found in a sandstone water-bearing rock. You may do much in the way of getting rid of it by filtering, but a better way is to pump it into a cistern in which it can stand for some hours before use, so as to deposit its sediment; then draw it off by a pipe some inches from the bottom, above the layer of sediment, and it will be found nearly free from iron.—ED.]

A TAME SQUIRREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]



SIR,—I send you a photograph of a pet squirrel belonging to our parlour-maid. He runs loose in the pantry. One day he was lost, and after being called for some time, he popped his head and forepaws up from a jug on a high shelf, looked out and retired again. He often sleeps in this jug, and was lately snapped in it.—T. P. R.